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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Archbishop Feehan and Bishops of the Province of Chicago Issue a Circular to Priests and Laymen.

Taxation to Support Public Schools Said to be Unjust—Necessity for Maintaining the Parochial System—The Edwards Law Denounced.

The Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Chicago have issued the following circular:

To the Clergy and Catholic People of the Ecclesiastical Province of Chicago; Very Rev. and Rev. Dear Fathers; Beloved Brethren of the Laity: At a recent meeting we, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Chicago considered it to be our duty to address you on the subject of education. Its zeal for education and in faith in its power to transform the thoughts and habits of individuals and peoples, we yield to none; and it is because we recognize what a mighty and far-reaching influence education is that we are solicitous to provide for those of whose souls we shall have to render an account at the tribunal of the all-just and an allwise God, the kind of training and discipline which true religion, pure morality and a right view of human life demand. Man's origin and destiny are divine; he is godlike, for he is a child of God; and it is only in the light and warmth of this primal and radical truth that he sees rightly, thinks truly and aspires nobly.

Wherever this light dawns man perceives that he is a religious being; for religion is a deep rotted faith that we exist in God and through God, and that without God we should at once cease to be; it is a living sense of our utter dependence on him for every thought and movement of our life and for the existence of all other things; it is a love of him, not as we love ourselves but as the absolutely good and true one, whose perfection infinitely exceeds our power to conceive or to love; it is, therefore, not an accidental something, but the very essence of all our believing and hoping, of all striving and doing. The consciousness of God's presence in the world makes us men; fills us with thoughts which wander through eternity, with longings which nothing but the infinite best can satisfy; it gives strength and courage; it awakens the sense of duty; it brings peace and blessedness. Whoever takes this view of man's life—and how is it possible to take any other?—instinctively feels that the attempt to exclude the influence of religion from the schools is irrational and unholy: and whoever understands that this is so must go still further and admit that Catholics are consistent when they refuse to accept for themselves and their children a purely secular system.

IN A MINORITY.

In our country those who believe that education is essentially religious seem at present to be a minority, but we are persuaded that all Christians who have seriously meditated on the subject know that we and those who in this agree with us are right. The arguments of our opponents are arguments of expediency, but when there is question of the highest human interests what is true and right is also the most expedient. Institutions are for men, and those which are most favorable to the development of the highest type of men are the best. To contend one's self with an educational system of which the tendency is to produce an inferior sort of man (and mere Materialists, Secularists and Indifferentists must always be inferior), because there are are political and economical reasons for not establishing a better system, is to be neither a statesman nor a philosopher. It is not right that we Catholics should have to contribute to the support of both the public and parochial schools. For the present, however, there seems to be no escape from the double burden, for the law taxes us for the maintenance of the secular schools, and reason and conscience compel us to maintain our own religious schools.

While we are conscious of the wrong we are thus made to suffer, we feel that it is our business not to seek excuses for not complying with the command of duty, but to hearken to the voice of conscience and to do what we know we ought to do. To prefer life to honor is justly held to be base, and where there is question of fidelity to truth and principle, financial and economical considerations are out of place. To what nobler or holier end can we devote part of our worldly possessions than to the work of forming enlightened, reverent and faithful Christian men and women? In doing this we labor most effectively for the good of the State as well as that of the church; and little by little this will come to be recognized by all fair minded men. Experience and reflection will teach them that we are all the more the true lovers of our country because we prefer truth to current opinion and have the courage to be right, when to be so is to be unpopular. Institutions are preserved by the forces from which they originate, and since the Christian religion has been and is the chief source of the vitality and strength of Christian civilization, they who do most to make faith in the life and teachings of Christ prevail are our best helpers in whatever concerns honor, justice, prosperity and temperance, which are the virtues that make nations strong and free. The world it has been said is governed from the nursery; and certainly the worth and influence of a Christian home are inestimable. The man is formed at the mother's knee; but she, if she be wise and noble, will demand that the school assist her in the godlike work; for if the teacher's attitude toward religion and morality neutralize her words and example, confusion will arise in the soul of the child, and his view of the world of truth and goodness will be darkened.

SERVICES OF MANKIND.

It is conceded on all sides that the Catholic church has in other centuries rendered valuable services to mankind. By her the soul of man was redeemed from state control, and the principle of supremacy of conscience was established; by her the barbarians were turned from their aimless and unprogressive life into ways of light and gentleness: by her the traditions and writings of the classical ages were kept living; by her Europe was saved from the blight of Mahometanism; by her faith and with the assistance of her devoted children, Columbus was guided to the New World. But the her io and saintly men and women who were the leaders in all these achievements and victories had but dim visions of the far reaching importance of the work they were doing; they built better than they knew; they did the thing which was given them to do, and God turned their deeds into world blessings.

So shall it be with what we Catholics are now doing in the United States. In our practical acceptance of the principle that education is essentially religious, that without it, however, much the mind and body may be trained, man cannot be rightly educated, we take the true and deep view of this all-important subject; and the influence of our schools will come to be a potent, moral and intellectual influence in America.

We urge you, therefore, dear brethren, to cherish the cause of Christian education as the cause of God and our country. In building, maintaining and perfecting our Catholic schools we are doing the most beneficient work American citizens can do; a work which like true piety is useful both for the life that now is and for that which is to come. We call the attention of all pastors to the legislation of the last Baltimore Council on parochial schools. A pastor without a school is like general without a commissariat. The spiritual life of his people will perish of inanition. A pastor who neglects his school is guilty of the sin of omission in a most grave matter. Few of the priests of Illinois can be accused of the lack of zeal for Catholic education, and the Catholic people of this great State are ever ready to respond to the appeals made to them in behalf of religious schools. Nor are they content merely to have schools, but they are laboring with intelligence and earnestness to make them good, and we do not hesitate to assert in our parochial schools the various branches of learning are taught as effectively as in the better class of public schools. We have, indeed, far less money than these, but from an educational point of view one enlightened and devoted teacher is worth more than costly buildings and rich endowments. When we consider what we have done and are doing to educate our Catholic children, while we also contribute to the support of the public schools, it seems inexplicable to us that the Legislature of Illinois should have enacted what is known as the Edwards law; an insidious and unjust law, which, under pretext of zeal for popular education, is really a violation of our most sacred rights as men and citizens. Freedom of worship implies and involves freedom of education. If the State may dictate to us what kind of school we shall have it may make it a penal offense not to frequent the church it may select. We denounce this law as a violation of our constitutional rights, and hold that those who favor it are unworthy of the support of enlightened and fair minded voters. Let us use all right and honorable means to have it repealed, and let the designing and bigoted be taught that the West is not a field in which their labors will bear fruit.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

In our day and country the press is one of the great educational powers. More than any other agency probably it diffuses a sort of intelligence among the masses of the people. For one who seriously reads books there are hundreds who read only newspapers. Whether the newspaper habit is favorable to real intelligence and true morality we shall not attempt to discuss. Whatever its influence for good or evil may be the daily or weekly journal has become as much a necessity of our life as is intercourse with those who live under the same roof with us. It is a mighty power, beneficent or malignant, according to the spirit of those by whom it is controlled. It lay hold on all things, invades every province of thought, every sphere of human activity. It is the great channel through which current opinion flows; it is the magician who each day tells the whole world what all men are doing and what every man wants to know; it is an organ which leads itself to the service of all interests, all parties, all causes; it is a voice which makes philosophers ridiculous, orators dumb, and poets silent. To leave such a power entirely in the hands of those who do not know or do not like us, were folly. Hence popes, bishops and priests, and zealous laymen have shown and continue to show an earnest desire to strengthen and add extend the influence of Catholic journalism.

In the third Plenary Council of Baltimore the American Bishops express the hope that each ecclesiastical province will have its own newspaper, and, while they speak a kind word in behalf of what are called diocesan sheets—*folia ut sonant dioceses*—they declare that the readers of Catholic newspapers will fare better if each province have its own; for where there is but one it will be less difficult to find able writers who will know how to place before their readers, in a good style, whatever may be instructive, interesting, useful and edifying. Such a newspaper, the Fathers of the Council say, will render also this excellent service—it will be a discouragement to vain, contentious and idiosyncratic men, who, while they put forward the Catholic name to commend the sheets they may publish, have no regard for its honor and sanctity. Charity and gentleness should be a law for who ever writes for a Catholic journal; as moderation in style and argument is an evidence at once of a Christlike spirit, of true mental culture, and of gentlemanlike breeding.

WILL RUN A PAPER.

We have decided, in accordance with the desire expressed by the Fathers of the Baltimore Council to establish in Chicago a Catholic newspaper, to be called the *New World*, which we have good reason to believe will render valuable service to the cause of religion, education and morality, which is also the cause of our church and our country. There is no better center for a newspaper than Chicago, and no more favorable moment to establish one here than the present when the eyes of all mankind are turned toward the marvelous city which within the memory of living men has grown from a border village to a great metropolis, with a population gathered from the ends of the earth, with interests as varied as human needs and aspirations, with lines of communication which carry its trade and its influence in every direction and into every part of the country. There is a prejudice that this mighty center of Western energy and indeed, the West in general, is preoccupied exclusively with material concerns, but we, who are part of this life, know the deep yearnings of the Western people for truth and love, for knowledge and virtue. We are confident therefore that efforts to stimulate to higher thought, to the love of what is good and fair, to righteousness, will meet with quick and generous response. In the State of Illinois there are not less than 700,000 Catholics, and a newspaper which represents their religious faith and interests, which defends their rights, which gives voice to their aspirations, will be looked upon by them as a general blessing. They will stand by it to lend strong and loyal aid; they will cherish and foster it until it becomes an organ of intelligence and opinion whose power for good all shall recognize.

This, very reverend and dear fathers, this, beloved brethren of the laity, is what it has seemed to us wise and salutary to write to you, and we feel assured that our words will no fall upon inattentive ears or unwilling hearts.

We invoke the blessing of God upon you and remain faithfully yours in the bond of Christian love.

P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.
J. L. SPALDING,
Bishop of Peoria.
JAMES RYAN,
Bishop of Alton.
JOHN JANSSEN,
Bishop of Belleville.

THE IRISH VOTE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I hold myself as much a man as any in the land.
I know I have a heart to feel a brain to understand;
And so I ask you, gentlemen, as Irishmen of note:
What means the phrase, the papers raise;
What is the Irish vote?

The name implies some mass compact, by outer force controlled,
That can be shifted right and left, perhaps be bought and sold,
Is that what freedom means to us—a lesson learned by rote?
Our only thought, "so dearly bought,"
Is that the Irish vote?

Or, are we all so very wise none can deceive our sight?
Or, all so very foolish grown we never vote aright?
Are we but cargo stowed aboard some politician's boat?
To be conveyed, all charges paid?—
Is that the Irish vote?

Our grandsires in green Erin's Isle were reckoned proper men,
And yet I've heard in 'Ninety-eight they differed now and then.
They called a man a slave who bowed 'neath any foot his throat.
What will we say of him to-day?
What call the Irish vote?

When war clouds from the Southern sky came rolling far and wide,
Were all the Irish exiles then massed on a single side?
Some brave hearts beat beneath the blue, some wore the South's gray coat,
Free heart! Free hand! Free speech! Free land!—
'Tis thus the Irish vote.

When some great man his party leads to triumph, who will dare
To say, "'Mid Yankee, German, Gaul, there were no Irish there;
The other side had bought them in?"
No! as the wise man wrote:
Each for himself, and God for all.
So let the Irish vote.

Elegant service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 395 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XII.

O'Brien had just come from Ireland, where he had anxiously watched the progress of the "relief measures," and of the famine; he had seen that while the latter was quick the former were slow—in fact, they had not then appeared in Ireland at all; but the very announcement that government intended to interpose in some decisive manner, had greatly hastened collection of rents and ejectment of tenants; and both hunger and its sure attendant, the Typhus, were sweeping them off rapidly. British ministers listened to all he could say with a calm, incredulous smile. Have we not told you, they said, we have sent persons, Englishmen, reliable men, to inquire into all those matters? Are we not going to meet every emergency?

"Mr. W. S O'Brien was bound to say, with regard to the sums of money mentioned by the right honorable baronet as having been, on a former occasion, voted by the house for the relief of Ireland, that as far as his own information went, not one single guinea had ever been expended from those sources (hear, hear, from Mr. O'Connell). He was also bound to tell the right honorable baronet that 100,000 of his fellow-creatures in Ireland were famishing."

And here the report adds—the honorable gentleman, who appeared to labor under deep emotion, paused for a short time. Doubtless it was bitter to that haughty spirit to plead for his plundered people, as it were, *in forma pauperis*, before the plunderers; and their vulgar pride was soothed; but soon it was wounded again, for he added:

"Under such circumstances, did it not become the house to consider of the way which they could deal with the crisis? He would tell them frankly—and it was a feeling participated in by the majority of Irishmen—that he was not disposed to appeal to their generosity in the matter. They had taken, and they had tied, the purse-strings of the Irish purse!"

Whereupon the report records that there were cries of "Oh! oh!" They were scandalized at the idea of Ireland having a purse.

Notwithstanding these reputed repudiations of alms, all the appropriations of parliament, purporting to be for relief, but really calculated for aggravation of the Irish famine, were persistently called alms by the English press. These Irish, they said, are never done craving alms. It is true they did not answer our statement that we only demanded a small part of what was due; they chose to assume that the exchequer was their exchequer. Neither did they think fit to remember that O'Brien, and such as he, were by no means suffering from famine themselves, but were retrenching the expenses of their households at home, to relieve those who were suffering. To the common English intellect it was enough to present this one idea, here are the starving Irish coming over to beg from you. In the inculcation of this view of the case, the *Times*, of course, led the way:

"There would be something highly ludicrous in the impudence with which Irish legislators claim English assistance, if the circumstances by which they enforce their claims were not of the most pitiable kind. The contrast between insolent menace and humble supplication reminds one forcibly of those types of Irish character so popular with the dramatists of the last century, who represent an O'Flanagan or an O'Shaughnessy hectoring through three acts of intermittent brogue—bullying the husband and making love to the wife," etc., etc.

From all this the reader may begin to appreciate the feeling that then prevailed in the two islands; in Ireland a vague and dim sense that they were somehow robbed; in England, a still more vague and blundering idea that an impudent beggar was demanding their money with a scowl in his eye and a threat upon his tongue. In truth, only a few, either in England or in Ireland, fully understood the bloody game on the board. The two cardinal principles of the British policy in this business seem to have been these: *first*, strict adherence to the principles of "political economy;" and, *second*, making the whole administration of the famine a government concern. "Political economy" became, about the time of the repeal of the Corn laws, a favorite study; or, rather, indeed, the creed and gospel of England. Women and young boys were learned in its saving doctrines, one of the most fundamental of which was "there must be no interference with the natural course of trade." It was seen that this maxim would ensure the transfer of the Irish wheat and beef to England, for that was what they called the natural course of trade. Moreover, this maxim would forbid the government or relief committees to sell provisions in Ireland any lower than the market price, for this is an interference with the enterprise of private speculators; it would forbid the employment of government ships, for this troubles individual shipowners; and, lastly, it was found (this invaluable maxim) to require that the public works to be executed by laborers employed with borrowed public money should be unproductive works, that is, works which would create no fund to pay their own expenses. There were many railroad companies at that time in Ireland that had got their charters; their roads have been made since. But it was in vain they asked then for government advances, which they could have well secured, and soon paid off. The thing could not be done. Lending money to Irish railroad companies would be a discrimination against English companies—flat interference with private enterprise.

The other great leading idea completed Sir Robert's policy. It was to make the famine a strictly government concern. The famine was to be administered strictly through officers of the government, from high commissioners down to policemen. Even the Irish general relief committee, and other local committees of charitable persons who were exerting themselves to raise funds to give employment, were either induced to act in subordination to a government relief committee, which sat in Dublin Castle, or else were deterred from importation of food by the announcement in parliament that the government had given orders somewhere for the purchase of foreign corn. For instance, the Mayor of Cork and some principal inhabitants of that city, hurried to Dublin and waited on the lord lieutenant, representing that the local committee had applied for some portion of the parliamentary loans, but "were refused assistance on some points of official form—that the people of that county were already famishing; and both food and labor were urgently needed. Lord Heytesbury simply recommended that they should communicate as once with the government relief committee;" as for the rest, that they should consult the Board of Works. Thus every possible delay and official difficulty was interposed against the efforts of local bodies—government was to do all. These things, together with the new measure for an increase in the police force (who were their main administrative agents throughout the country), led many persons to the conclusion that the enemy had resolved to avail themselves of the famine in order to increase governmental supervision and espionage, so that every man, woman and child in Ireland, with all their goings out and comings in, might be thoroughly known and registered—that when the mass of the people began to starve, their sole resource might be the police barracks—that government might be all in all; omnipotent to give food or to withhold it to relieve or to starve, according to their own idea of policy and of good behavior in the people.

It is needless to point out that government patronage also was much extended by this system, and by the middle of the next year, 1847, there were 10,000 men salaried out of the parliamentary loans and grants for relief of the poor—as commissioners, inspectors, clerks, and so forth, and some of them with salaries equal to an American Secretary of State. So many of the middle classes had been dragged down almost to insolvency by the ruin of the country, that they began to be eager for the smaller places as clerks and inspectors. For those 10,000 offices, then, it was estimated there were 100,000 applicants and canvassers; so much clear gain from "Repeal."

The Repeal Association continued its regular meetings, and never ceased to represent that the true remedies for Irish famine were Tenant-Right—the stoppage of export—and Repeal of the Union; and as those were really the true and only remedies, it was clear they were the only expedients which an English parliament would not try. The Repeal members gained a kind of parliamentary victory, however, this spring; they caused the defeat of the Coercion Bill, with the aid of the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel had very cunningly, as he thought, made this bill precede the Corn Law Repeal Bill; and as the English public was all now most eager for the cheapening of bread, he believed that all parties would make haste to pass his favorite measure first. The Irish members went to London, and knowing they could not influence legislation otherwise, organized a sort of mere mechanical resistance against the Coercion Bill; that is, they opposed first reading, second reading, third reading, opposed its being referred to committee, moved endless amendments, made endless speeches, and insisted upon dividing the house on every clause. In vain it was represented to them that this was only delaying the Corn Law Repeal, which would "cheapen bread." O'Brien replied that it would only cheapen bread to Englishmen, and enable them to devour more and more of the Irish bread and give less for it. In vain their courtesy was invoked. They could not afford to be courteous in such a case, and their sole errand in London was to resist an atrocious and torturing tyranny threatened against their poor countrymen.

Just before this famous debate there had been very extensive clearing of tenantry in Connacht, and, in particular, one case in which a Mrs. Gerrard had, with the aid of the troops and police, destroyed a whole village, and thrown out 270 persons on the high road. The *Nation* thus improved the circumstance with reference to the "Coercion Bill":

"Some Irish members, for instance, may point to the 270 persons thrown out of house and home the other day in Galway, and to due form of law (for it was all perfectly legal), turned adrift in their desperation upon the wide world—and may ask the minister if any of these 270 commit a robbery on the highway—if any of them murder the bailiff, who (in exercise of his duty) flung out their naked children to perish in the winter's sleet—if any of them, maddened by wolfish famine, break into a dwelling house, and forcibly take food to keep body and soul together, or arms for vengeance—what will you do? How will you treat that district? Will you indeed proclaim it? Will you mulct the householders (not yet ejected) in a heavy fine to compound for the crimes of those miserable outcasts, to afford food and shelter to whom they wrong their own children in this hard season? Besides sharing with those wretches his last potato, is the poor cottier to be told that he is to pay for policemen to watch them day and night—that he is to make atonement in money (though his spade and poor bedding should be auctioned to make it up) for any outrage that may be done in the neighborhood?—but that these Gerrards are not to pay one farthing for all this—for, perhaps, their property is encumbered, and, it may be, they find it hard enough to pay their interest, and keep up such establishments in town and country as befit their rank? And will you, indeed, issue your command that those houseless and famishing 270—after their rooftress are torn down, and the plowshare is run through the foundations of their miserable hovels—are to be at home from sunset to sunrise?—that if found straying, the gaols and the penal colonies are ready for their reception?"

It was precisely with a view to meet such cases that the Coercion Bill had been devised; and were not our representatives well justified in resisting such a measure, courteously or otherwise? The English Whigs, and, at length, the indignant Protectionists, too, joined the Repealers in this resistance—not to spare Ireland, but to defeat Sir Robert Peel, and get into his place. And they did defeat Sir Robert Peel, and get into his place. Whereupon, it was not long before Lord John Russell and his Whigs devised a new and more murderous Coercion Bill for Ireland themselves.

The *Nation* still remained the most widely circulated and influential journal of the Irish Nationalists, and represented the extreme and most anti English party. The "Young Ireland party" still stood, and was well known to the great enemy as its most unrelenting opponent. MacNevin and Doheny frequently contributed to the *Nation;* and the writings of Thomas Devin Reilly, in its columns, were greatly admired. Mr. Dillon went for the winter to Madeira; but our fraternity began now to number among its members Thomas Francis Meagher and Richard O'Gorman, of whom (as they are well known in America), I need not now speak. The English enemy heartily abhorred us, and in the spring of this year aimed a blow at the *Nation* office. It was a new state prosecution. Mr. Duffy was indicted for an article of mine. I undertook to conduct his defense; and retained old Robert Holmes to make the speech to the jury, knowing that Holmes would repeat, improve and redouble all the "sedition" which we were desirous to inculcate. He did so, and startled the court and the public by a stern and passionate denunciation of the whole course of British government in Ireland. What was more wonderful, he dared this with safety to his client. The thing came to quick after the "slipped lists" and packed jury in O'Connell's case (which Lord Denman had said turned trial by jury in Ireland into a "fraud, a delusion, and a snare"), and they thought they could not repeat that game so soon. The crown left on the panel of twenty-four *three* Repealers. Those three attended in court, were sworn on the jury, and refused to convict Chief-Justice Blackburne kept them confined without food or drink for twenty-six hours, when they were discharged. This was the first state trial in Irish history, so far as I know, in which the crown had failed to pack the jury strictly, and the first in which a conviction was missed. It gave the *Nation*, probably, more popularity and larger influence among the people than it would otherwise have enjoyed, and thereafter it proceeded very diligently and inveterately, exposing, from week to week, the plots of the English enemy.

I have mentioned that the Coercion Bill was defeated; this was on May 25. Sir Robert Peel immediately resigned office, and left the responsibility of dealing with the Irish affair to the Whigs. He knew he might do so safely. His system was inaugurated. His two great ideas—Free Trade and Police Administration—were fully recognized by the Whigs; and Lord John Russell was even a blind bigot about what he imagined to be Political Economy. Sir Robert might retire to Tamworth, and "plant his cabbages."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Fate of an Imperial Family.

After the death of Napoleon, Marie Louise married again, and going to the Duchy of Parma, a little realm set apart for her, she lived there without much to remind her of the dethroned son who remained at Vienna with his grandfather. Losing also her second husband, after the death of the King of Rome, Marie Louise was married a third time; and there is little to show that she ever recalled her brief years of splendor in Paris as Empress of the French.

Now the King of Rome was king no longer. It had been the custom in addressing him to say, "Sire, your Majesty;" but on the day that his mother left Vienna, when entering the room where the Emperor of Austria awaited him, he was thus announced:

"His Highness, the Duke of Reichstadt."

"Who is this new duk?" he demanded, and then he was told that he was no longer to be, even in name, the King of Rome. He had been aware of the change in his fortunes even before it was thus brutally forced upon him.

"Any one can see that I am not a king," he had remarked; "I haven't any pages now!"

Few as were the letters and messages between the father at St. Helena and the son at the Austrian court, the boy could not forget that he was not born an Austrian noble. How could the son of Napoleon the Great forget? All the history of the time was but his father's biography.

As soon as he was old enough, the little Duke learned the duties of military service and won his way by degrees to the rank of an officer. The son of the greatest of warriors, military studies were his passion, and he studied the father's campaigns with a son's devotion.—*Tudor Jenks, in September St. Nicholas.*

Swamps

Are not the only abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventive of the dire complaint is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wherever the malady assumes its most virulent form, and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "golden opinions" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25 $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

Lindsay turned and strode across the yard, as Fergus thought, to order his immediate arrest; but this, however, was not the intention of the captain.

But the latter, luckily for the central personage of our story, had seen his last drill for many a day to come. At noon on that same autumn day he proceeded to a hostile meeting which had been arranged to take place between him and a brother officer on account of a quarrel at cards on the previous night. The fight, one of swords, was of a most desparate character, both combatants being dangerously wounded. The tidings of the duel and its results were received with much elation by that particular company of the Coldstreams, the murmurs that ran among the men as they beheld the helpless, bleeding body of their officer borne on a stretcher to his quarters being anything but sympathetic.

"Our poor Captain Lindsay!" sobbed in grotesque, mock lamentation a soldier who had been at the triangle more than once by the captain's sentence; "poor, dear, good-natured gentleman! I'll be sure to cry for him on parade every morning and evening, when I miss my usual batooning—you know, boys, I used to get it as regular as clockwork. Boo-hoo-hoo for poor Mr. Lindsay!"

"Give it up, Bill," exclaimed another with some indignation; "don't you crow over a man when he's down. The captain's as brave as ever wore a sash, and like as anything we'll meet worse than he."

"Lord forbid!" exclaimed a third, rubbing his shoulders with a ludicrous expression of pain; "the marks of his last lambasting won't be off in a hurry—thunder! I'm all black and blue. Zounds! comrades, I shan't faint if I'm ordered to make one of the firing party at his funeral."

"'Ang it, Jack, yer know that the gent's not dead at all yet," remarked still another son of Mars, who looked as if Lindsay's decease would not render him quite inconsolable.

"He ain't, but he's mighty near it, pal. Sitch a set-to was never seen. Dammee! they nigh chopped each other to sassage-meat."

"Who was the captain's opponent?" inquired Fergus O'Ronan.

"A Hoirishman, egad—a cornet of Ligonier's Black Horse."

"You haven't heard his name?"

"Ay, have I: Bourke—Ulick Bourke."

"See that, now," commented Murty, when he and O'Ronan were alone together; "what d'ye think of that! Take my word for it, its that young sprig of Rappa, the son of old Edmund. Ochone! sure his father's bones ought to rise out of the grave at the idea of him fighting on the side of the Elector! Well, since ever he took up with Lindsay 'twas all down hill with him. And there's the end of their friendship, moryah!—slashing each other to pieces."

Fergus regretted the mishap to Ulick Bourke. He knew the reckless, fast living, hot headed young fellow had long been courting some such stroke of fate; but he grieved to think how the tidings of his almost dying condition would pierce the gentle heart of his sister.

About a week after the duel he was strolling in the neighborhood of the ancient convent of King Pepin's pious daughter, St. Gertrude—the friend of the Irish martyr Foillan, whose story he had heard at Meaux—when he noticed a fiacre approaching by the Western road, winding throug the wood of Soignies. A motive of simple curiosity caused him to move into the street as the vehicle came rattling over the bridge of the Thienne. It halted at the house where Bourke lay ill; a female dressed in deep black descended from it; and deep was his surprise as he beheld once more the face of his former sweetheart.

He at once moved away, fearing she might recognize him; but the second evening following, impelled by a deep and irresistible yearning, he sought the house and desired to be shown into her presence, feeling at the same time rather guilty, and abashed, and presumptuous.

At sight of him her face brightened, and she greeted him with a regular little flutter of pleasure. But, dropping her warm, impulsive manner as suddenly as she had assumed it, she maintained a grave yet winning mein during the greater part of their interview.

He was not a whit less grave, and the *tete-a-tete* was a rather staid and formal one. He was struck by the great change time had wrought in her appearance. A handsome, shapely brunette of 23 sat before him, her beauty seemingly ripened and chastened by the air of the Netherlands. Mentally he compared her feat ures with those of the blithe, lissome girl he had met seven years previously on the leafy banks of the old Deel. How long ago that seemed!

She expressed surprise at seeing him in the British service, and told him that she had recognized him the day, a few months previously, in the chapel of Ypres, where the news of the duel between her brother and Lindsay had lately reached her.

"The chaplain of your regiment in the Brigade, an old friend, Father O'Dowd, has often visited me in the convent," she remarked. "I suppose he has often been talking to you of me?"

Fergus described the circumstances of his being a member of the English Guards, and then spoke of his interview with the priest regarding her, detailing what the reader knows. She shook her head and smiled pensively.

"Some of both our letters were intercepted; Ulick was more furious on their account than ever I saw him before. But there is no use in speaking of these things; let the past be past."

"They said," he faltered, "that you had eloped with Guy Lindsay."

Her eyes kindled and the hot blood of her race leaped to her cheeks. But immediately the subduing influence of her conventual life reasserted itself, and she became again gentle, placid, gracious.

"I trust you didn't heed such a wicked story. It must have risen from the fact that Mr. Lindsay started to join his regiment the time that I left Ireland for Ypres. I am not a professed nun as yet; but the cloisters shall afford me a lifelong refuge from the world. I heard," she observed with a faint smile, "that you had obtained an officer's commission in the Brigade, and were affianced to a noble French lady, the daughter of a count of Picardy."

He briefly informed her that it was true. At parting she gave him her hand, which he kissed with all the deep reverence accruing from one of the most solemn moments of his life. She whispered an earnest blessing as he departed, and so they separated, never expecting to meet again on earth.

During the remainder of his stay in Nivelles he scrupulously avoided all chance of seeing her.

Lindsay's place was taken by an officer who was less of the martinet—it was easy to find him—and swearing and batooning became less frequent on parade. From Nivelles they went into winter quarters in the village of Stognies, in the midst of the vast wood of the name—and a dreary little place it was, the great leafless forest moaning all around hem like an isolating sea during that dismal time of snow and ice.

At length came the spring of 1745, and the April showers saw them march to the French frontier, forming part of the advance guard of the Allied army that mustered at Stognies for the relief of the fortified town of Tournay, on the Scheld, which was besieged by the French army under Marshal Saxe.

The British were in high glee at the prospect of fresh fighting, and beguiled their march with songs—among others one composed and sung the previous year in celebration of Dettingen by one Worsdale, an actor in Smock-alley Theatre, Dublin:

"From Prince Charles see Broglio running,
All Europe must applaud his cunning;
The Austrian force at such a pitch is,
Once more he'll daub or lose his breeches.

"There Noailles, the hero, thunders;
All his captains, threat'ning wonders,
Impatient long to give their foes
A sample of—their fine laced clothes.

"See all France with bonfires blazes,
The jest is—what this triumph raises!
They've learnt the nack from Louis the Great
To sing 'Te Deum' whene'er they're beat.

"See through all the hottest firing,
While George rushed on, his foes retiring,
Too late the mourn their grand *faux-pas*,
While George and Brit cons shout huzza!"

"Noailles, that we licked on the Maine, is serving under Saxe as first aide-de-camp," remarked one of the Guards, when they had piled arms in the streets of the small frontier town of Brissuil; "King Louis and the Dauphin are also in the camp, with goodness knows how many generals and princes of the blood. Zounds, boys! we'll soon astonish all these frog-eating Johnny Crapauds; we'll give them another Dettingen!"

Now in the close neighborhood of the French lines our two friends were seriously calculating the chances of escape, when an event occurred which filled them with gloom and chagrin. This was the arrival of Lindsay, now recovered from his illness, to re-assume the command of his company. On the very first parade after his coming—the second morning of their occupation of Brissuil—his vindictive spirit asserted itself. His eager, malevolent eye sought out Fergus in the ranks in a way that showed he meant to fulfill the threat he had uttered on their last parting.

"Step to the front, Private O'Ronan, you awkward brute!"

Fergus obeyed, received across his face a stinging, cowardly cut from a cane in the hands of his persecutor, felled the latter to the ground, and, an hour later, tried by swift drumhead courtmartial, he lay under sentence of death in the old jail of Brissuil; he was to be shot at daybreak.

Poor Murty fell into a scrape the same evening. For smoking while on guard he was sentenced to one hundred lashes, to be inflicted the following morning, and was imprisoned in the next cell to that occupied by his friend.

The latter beguiled some of the dreary hours that lay between him and death by watching the scene in the street below—numerous stands of arms, the groups of chatting and smoking soldiers, the clustering townspeople, excited and fearful at the martial invasion of their hitherto peaceful streets. Once a tramp of horses' hoofs and jingle of accoutrements attracted his attention, and looking forth he saw the black and yellow standard of Austria waving over an array of shining helmets and breastplates. It was some squadrons of Taaffe's Cuirassiers, forming part of the Austrian force under Count Konigseg, now acting with the Allies; and his heart thrilled as he recognized the faces of O'Dowd and O'Donnell.

Again, as he sat on his hard couch, gazing blankly at the gray wall opposite, the music of drum and fife resounded through the streets without, bearing to his ears the cadence of a quaint, familiar air that sent his thoughts flashing back to the old garden at home in Killibrone, when his mother in her white cap and plaid kerchief sat placidly singing to her wheel:

"The first night I was married, a happy, happy bride,
The captain of the Highlandmen came to my lover's side;
'Arise, arise, young married man; arise and come with me
To the Lowlands of Holland to face the enemie!'

"I never more will lace my waist or bind my yellow hair,
Nor fire bright nor candlelight shall show my beauty rare;
And I never will get married until the day I die,
Since the raging seas and stormy winds have parted my love and I."

Looking forth he saw a corps of men in yellow uniforms, white crossbelts and Khevenhuller hats—somewhat like that of the first Napoleon—marching through the street. He knew them by the green flags that waved over their serried bayonets—counterparts of that which hung in the choir of Ypres, and which had been taken from this same regiment by that of Clare on the day of Ramillies. They were the Scots Brigade in the service of the States General of Holland, and this familiar air, "The Lowlands of Holland," was their marching tune.

Just as the last rays of day were melting out of the sky he heard a roll of musketry in the distance, followed by what he knew to be the pattering fire of skirmishers. The sounds died out after a little, and his soldier jailer informed him that the outlying pickets had driven back those of the enemy. Soon after midnight he heard the same sounds again, but this time they were mingled with that of artillery, whose booming reports rang weirdly through the night, and in the far distance he saw three or four shells shoot like meteors through the gloom, describing fiery semicircles as they soared and fell.

The street below was now illuminated with the light of many torches, and after awhile he beheld two open wagons filled with wounded soldiers who groaned aloud as the clumsy vehicles rumbled joltingly through the street.

At length, worn out with the dull fatigue of weariness and suspense, he threw himself on the wretched couch and slept. But at intervals he was awakened by a roar of ordnance that shook the walls of his prison, while now and then a brilliant glare shone fitfully through the grated window.

Again and again he was awakened by the roar of the conflict; again and again he laid down his head and slept on unheeding. Bright and sweet were the visions that thronged around his couch, shutting out his gloomy surroundings, hiding the strong bleak walls of his condemned cell—memories of his childhood and youth—memories fresh and tender as the beauteous wild flowers that he knew were even now spangling the joyous banks of the Deoil and the merry wavelet musical shore of Lough Cona.

But at last the pearly light of the April dawn filled the cell, dissolving his hallowed dream, and up he started into the grim reality of his position and set about to meet his doom.

One hasty glance he cast from the window and saw a red-coated regiment marching down the street, its colonel riding at its head; one casual glance and no more, but, as he removed his gaze, the fifers and drummers of the advancing corps struck up a brisk air that vibrated his every nerve, almost stopped the beating of his heart, and made him stagger for support against the wall.

But the next instant he snatched up his handkerchief, thrust it through the bars of the window and waved it wildly, uttering a delirious shout that was echoed in a fuller key from the neighboring window, from which Murty was waving the coverlet of his bed.

The air was "The White Cockade;" the regiment was the Regiment de Dillon. They were saved!

Being worsted in the night's skirmish, the Allied troops had retreated from the town, the two prisoners being forgotten in the hurry and bustle of its evacuation.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Great distress prevails among the many hundred idle employes of the tin-plate factories in Wales.

The eruption of Mount Etna has increased in violence. The chestnut woods of the mountain slopes have been devastated. A dense mass of lava is flowing out of the crater and pouring down the side of the mountain.

The two camps at the Grand Army reunion in Washington this month will be named after Admiral Farragut and General Alger.

GAELIC POETRY.

Tá ba Agam air Shliabh.

Seo sean órán fuair mé i lámh-sgríbhinn tháinic chugam go deirneach ó'n t-sean-tír. Ní fiosach mé go raibh sé ariamh cheana i g-clódh:

Tá ba agam air shliabh
'S aí'l duine air bith 'nna n-diaigh,
Acht mise bheith 'g mo chiorrughadh leo,
M' fhortún ort, a Dhia,
O'n ort atá mo thriall
Is iad a bhuain mo chiall go mór dhíom.
Mi-se bheith liom féin
Feasda ní bhéidh,
Anois a's mé i d-tús m' óige,
Is mall guth gach eun
A labhras leis féin
Air thuiaigh no air thaoibh na móasdh,

Nach oriouna í an bheach
Nuair a guidh sí a nead
Lé gréin agus le teas an fhóghmhair,
Nuair chríoneas an t-slat
Ní bhídheann uirrí meas
Mar bhídheann air an g-crann is óige.
Sód í mo theach,
Ní'l tuighe uirrí no scraith,
'Sí déanta le h-ais an bhóthair,
'S é díoghbháil na bh-fear
D'fhág mé faoi lear,
Agus sgaollim-se mo bheannacht leo.

A óganaigh mhaith
D' imir orm beart
Is buan é mo mhallacht féin duit,
'S go siúbhailfainn-se leat
An righeacht seo air fad,
Cúige Uiadh 's leath na h-Eireann.
'S í do shúil a bhí deas
Mar dhrúcht air an bh-faith',
No cúbhar air uisge an fhóghmhair,
Acht do chumann ghearr mbí-dhaingean
Is sód a mheasuigh mi-se
'S go deo ní bhéidh mo bheannacht féin leat.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside, Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Macinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A train of seven cars is crossing the continent carrying the three great guns which are to complete the armament of the Montery. Two of them are of 10-inch calibre and one of 12-inch. The 10-inch guns are thirty-one feet long and the 12-inch gun thirty-six feet.

The forces of the ameer of Afghanistan have gained a hard won success over the Hazaras. The latter, in a severe conflict, in which 460 of the Afghan troops were compelled to evacuate Kamsan, which place was at once occupied by the Afghans.

Well, instead of sick and suffering; healthy and vigorous, instead of worn-out and weak; bright eyes, clear skin, rosy cheeks — you wouldn't think it was the same woman, and it's all due to the use of a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

What this medicine has done for thousands of delicate women, it will do for you. If you're overworked and debilitated, it will build you up—if you're borne down with the chronic aches, pains, and weaknesses peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, invigorates the system, purifies the blood, improves digestion, and restores health, flesh, and strength.

For all the painful irregularities and diseases of women—periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" and weaknesses, it's the *only* remedy so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by 'The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 50.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18 50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

INJURED IN A WRECK.

Illinois Central Railway Train Jumps the Track.

NO PERSONS WERE KILLED OUTRIGHT

But Some of the Twelve Who Were Injured May Not Recover—The Wreck Caused by the Improper Filling of a Washout—Two Persons Killed and a Number Injured by a Disaster at St. Louis.

LINCOLN, Ills., Sept. 13.—Part of an accommodation train on the Champaign and Havana division of the Illinois Central was thrown from the track near here Monday. Twelve persons were injured, several of whom may die. The list of injured is as follows: Mrs. William Ballard, cut and bruised about the head and body, seriously injured; Rev. James Best, Lincoln, Ills., bad scalp wound and contusion on body; Carl Busch of Chicago, representing Illinois Staats Zeitung, head bruised, both knees sprained, rescued from the water as he was about to drown; Frank Edgell, Middletown, skull fractured, arm broken and body bruised, will die; J. P. Gossett, conductor, head and face bruised, shoulder sprained and right leg hurt; John Kirkpatrick, Lincoln, Ills., head mashed, lower limbs bruised and internal injuries, will die; Albert McQuay, lineman, right shoulder blade broken, head cut, and lower limbs strained; Pfetzinger, Havana, Ills., slightly injured; Mrs. John Ritscher, Burton View, Ills., lower limbs paralyzed, body bruised and spine injured, will probably die; baby of Mrs. Ritscher, cut on head and stunned, not expected to recover; Daniel Smith, brakeman, Clinton, Ills., injured by jumping off caboose; —— Wortzbaugh, New Holland, Ills., nose broken and badly scalped.

How the Accident Happened.

A piece of defective grade exists on the west side of Kickapoo creek approaching the bridge which spans a chasm fifteen feet deep. The train was a long one and passed over the dangerous spot safely until two cars and the caboose jumped the track and fell into the creek. The momentum was so great that the cars were jammed together into a shapeless mass, while a wail ascended from a dozen passengers for assistance. The engineer discovered the trouble and backed down to the wreck, assisted by farmers riding on the forward part of the train. They rescued the injured, consisting of two ladies, a child and nine men. A relief train with surgeons and citizens left at 5 o'clock, returning with the injured, who lay in a drizzling rain two hours, as the spot is remote from shelter. The cause of the wreck was a washout, which was recently filled with loose dirt. The rains in the past two days settled the fillings, the track sank and an upturned rail near the bridge struck one of the car trucks.

Where the Wreck Occurred.

The place where the wreck occurred is near a creek which assumes the proportions of a river at certain seasons of the year. The bed of the stream is wide, extending over a quarter of a mile; the approaches to the bridge, a structure about sixty feet wide, are of earth which frequently give way to the rush of waters, causing the company much trouble and expense. Fortunately for the passengers and the company a drouth has prevailed here and thus the heavy rains of two days had not swollen the stream to expected proportions. Otherwise every soul would have been drowned and swept away. The track to the bridge is quite a steep grade and is on a curve. Down this grade and around the curve the train came, some of the survivors say, faster than a passenger train running to make up time. The trainmen and passengers on a flat car in the middle of the train declare the weight of the engine sank the newly made filling, each car bobbing over the broken rails but keeping the track until the three ill-fated cars came along. The fall and crash, the jam and cries of the wounded were heard a long distance away and summoned farmers to the scene who did all they could to extricate the victims from the wreck.

Excitement at Lincoln.

Levers of timbers had to be used to pry up portions of the caboose to release imprisoned men and women, several of whom were delirious from injuries and excitement. The relief train from this city with citizens and surgeons reached the scene within an hour. After dressing the wounds the sufferers were carried to a cattle car bedded with hay. When the train reached here 2,000 people were assembled and the excitement was intense as the wounded were carried away in ambulances. The Illinois Central railway is blamed for the disaster, having a stretch of seven miles of track cared for by only one man, the section boss, John Ritscher, whose wife and child were victims of the wreck. Daniel Smith, brakeman on the train, was riding in the lookout of the caboose and was hurled through the window to the ground. He was only slightly stunned and was the first to reach the twisted and torn caboose. At midnight three of the injured were regarded as beyond medical aid.

THE BRAKES FAILED TO WORK.

Frightful Accident on an Electric Line at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 13.—At 8 o'clock Tuesday morning an electric motor with trailer attached was descending the steep incline on Russell avenue, near Ninth street, when the brakes on the motor failed to work on account of the wet and slippery rails and the car descended the grade at a terrific rate of speed. The motor rounded the curve at Russell avenue and Ninth street without accident, but the trailer jumped from the rails and overturned in the gutter. The cars were filled with passengers and the scene was wildly exciting. Beneath the overturned trailer was a crushed and bleeding mass of humanity, while on each side of the car were lying persons who had either jumped or been thrown from the car as it tipped over. Dozens of persons rushed to the rescue of the passengers, and lifting the car found that the wreck was a sad one.

The List of Victims.

Two persons were killed and a dozen badly wounded. The names of the killed so far as can be learned at present are: Mrs. Barbara Schenning, 2223 Indiana avenue; unknown laboring man. Injured: Henry Blaine, 2113 State street, leg broken; H. C. Kronnecker, Victor street, leg broken; J. L. Densman, 2615 Indiana avenue, legs broken; Mrs. A. M. Jones, 2015 Penn street, arm broken and internal injuries; Charles Beyler, 2819 Grand avenue, badly bruised in chest and cut on head; Peter Hoffman, 4245 Oregon avenue, internal injuries; Rudolph Hartman, Victor street, badly injured about body. The dead were removed to the morgue and ambulances quickly carried those injured to the hospitals, where they were cared for.

Railway Accident in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—Five persons were killed and a number injursd in a wreck on the Illinois Central railroad at Sixty-third street Tuesday morning. The train was a suburban on its way to Pullman due at Sixty-third street at 10:32 and was four minutes behind time. When just south of the crossing of the street the engine jumped the track and the three cars followed. The engineer was one of the killed.

Dragged to Death by a Horse.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Sept. 13.—A horse driven by Mrs. Emil Leippert, wife of a farmer living near Atkins, became frightened at the electric cars in this city Monday and ran away. Mrs. Leippert's clothing caught in the cart and she was dragged several blocks and terribly mutilated, dying in a few minutes. Her mother who was with her was thrown out and badly though not fatally injured.

Five Sailors Drowned.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 13.—A boat called the King was swamped at Cape St. Mary's a few days ago and all the occupants were drowned. The boat was manned as follows: Captain, William Emberley; mate, William Westcott; crew, Martin E. Sanchiz, John Vaters, Ambrose Meany.

Schools Closed by Diphtheria.

ANNA, Ills., Sept. 13.—Owing to the prevalence in Anna of dipitheria the local board of health has closed the public schools and prohibited the meeting of Sabbath schools.

PEARY'S ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

He Finds a Land Where Flowers Grow and Animal Life Abouds.

ST. JOHNS, Nd., Sept. 13.—The Peary expedition which left this port in the summer of 1891 to make explorations in North Greenland returned here yesterday on the Kite. One member of the party—Verhoeff—lost his life in the ice fields around McCormick bay. Otherwise the expidition met with no serious mishaps. The party wintered at Redcliffe, and by the middle of April the wheather had sufficiently moderated to permit an exploration of the immediate neighborhood. Aprill 22 the work of transferring headquarters to McCormick bay was begun. This proved a difficult task and not until May 3 was the new camp established.

Journey to the Far North.

May 15 Lieutenant Peary, accompanied by three Esquimaux and sixteen dogs, started on his long journey to the north. June 8 the head of St. George's fjord was reached. The northward journey was continued as far north as the 82d parallel, when an impenetratable mountain chain compelled the party to deflect their course to the southeast. An opening was finally discovered and on July 4 the party found itself at the head of a great bay in latitude 81.37 longitude 34. This was named Independence bay in honor of the day of its discovery, and the glacier flowing north into it was christened Academy glacier.

Returned Safely to Camp.

The land in this region was almost entirely free from snow. It was covered with glacial debris and stones of all sizes. Flowers grew plentifully. Musk oxen, foxes, hares, and several species of birds were also abundant. July 9 the return journey was begun, and twenty-one days later, after undergoing unspeakable hardships, the almost worn out party returned to McCormick bay, after having traveled a distance of 1,300 miles. In the meantime the Kite had arrived, and two days later she steamed back to Redcliffe.

Eight days were spent at Redcliffe in a search for Verhoeff, who had gone on a geological trip and failed to return. He was traced to the edge of a glacier and doubtless perished in one of the numerous crevasses. Many meteorological observations were made and much valuable ethnological material was secured in addition to the geographical and geological discoveries.

HAUNTED BY A GHOST.

A Young Man Confesses to Having Killed His Playmate.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—A mystery of several months standing connected with the death of young Harry Quill of 45 Washington street was cleared up Monday by the confession of George McKenzie, one of Quill's former playmates. Quill, who was 15 years old, disappeared on the night of Feb. 10. There was no explanation of his disappearance until his decomposing body was found at the bottom of an airshaft between the houses 53 and 55 Washington street two months after he had been missed.

Pushed Quill Down the Shaft.

It was thought at first that he had met death by accident, but the police lately learned that McKenzie, who is 18 years old, had indulged in some suspicious talk regarding Quill's death. They arrested him on Saturday and Monday he confessed that he pushed Quill down the shaft during a quarrel. After making the confession he complained to the officers that he was haunted by Quill's ghost. He was anxious not to be left alone in his cell. His mind has probably been affected by worry over his crime.

Garfield Park Gets No License.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—The Garfield park race track received a black eye in the city council meeting Monday night. The ordinance licensing the track, which was vetoed by the mayor, was tabled. It was thought that the council would try to pass the ordinance over the mayor's veto, but this proved not to be the case. There will be no more racing at Garfield park. The attaches of the track were paid off Monday and notified their services would be no longer required. The club gave up the idea of racing there several days ago, though the decision was not announced. Public opinion against the track had not been so publicly expressed, and it was thought that some lucky stroke might have favored the club's plans. The split among its members is certain.

The Arkansas Election.

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 13.—With seventeen counties to hear from, but which will give the usual Democratic majorities, Fishback's majority for governor over Whipple and Carnahan is 23,049, and when remaining counties are heard from his official figures will show a majority of about 28,000.

INDIGNANT VILLAGERS.

They Will Resist the Invasion of Fire Island.

A TEMPORARY INJUNCTION GRANTED

Governor Flower and Dr. Jenkins Restrained from Transferring the Cabin Passengers of the Cholera Infected Ships to Fire Island—Villagers Threaten to Use the Torch—Arrival of the La Champagne with Sickness Aboard.

BABYLON, L. I., Sept. 12.—This village is in a state of the wildest confusion, angry men are at every corner uttering deep threats against the proposed invasion from the cholera-laden Normannia and Rugia. It is quite evident that the residents are determined to prevent by extreme measures the landing of the steamer Cepheus. Monday morning Judge Wilmot M. Smith left for Brooklyn to apply to Judge Barnard of the supreme court for an injunction restraining the passengers from landing. Ex-Proprietor Sammis of the Surf hotel left for New York on the 8 o'clock train and had to be escorted to the railroad depot by a bodyguard, the mob being determined to make an example of him for disposing of his property.

Threaten the Torch.

All the wealthy residents of the vicinity, including E. B. Sutton of the Frisco line; Judge Benjamin D. Silliman, ex-district attorney of the Eastern district; Henry B. Hyde, of the Equitable Insurance company; H. V. Post; C. H. Sands, son-in-law of the late Alexander McCue, once solicitor of the treasury, have gone to Brooklyn to aid Judge Smith. Almost everybody in the village is armed and will resist any invasion. Justice of the Peace James B. Cooper says that the hotel and all its surroundings will be burned to the ground if a landing is attempted.

Injunction Granted.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 12.—Judge Barnard has issued a temporary injunction restraining Governor Flower, D. P. Sammis, Dr. Jenkins and others from using Fire island as a quarantine station.

GOVERNOR FLOWER ON HAND.

He Is Determined to Keep the Cholera Out of New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Governor Flower arrived at the Windsor hotel at 8:30 o'clock Monday morning. Immediately on arrival he began his investigation of the cholera troubles, particularly the situation at Fire Island. Before 10 o'clock he was joined by his private secretary, Mr. Williams, Professor Charles A. Collins, who has lately been engaged in revising the laws of the state and who will be able to post the governor in case legal action is necessary. The governor says he anticipates no further trouble from Fire island. The state, he said, would take possession at once. He is prepared to take any step, no matter how stringent, to keep the cholera away from the city. The governor has sent for Dr. Jenkins to meet him at the Windson hotel and discuss the situation. Dr. Lewis Balch is at the Windsor.

The Governor and the Injunction.

Governor Flower before he was aware of the issuance of a writ by Judge Barnard, issued a proclamation directing the sheriff of Suffolk county to use all his powers to resist any attempted interference with the lawful exercise of state authority in taking possession of Fire island. All persons are warned against illegal interference with the use of Fire island as a quarantine station. In an interview Governor Flower declared Judge Barnard's injunction would have no effect. He said: "We shall land the passengers at Fire island. I issued my proclamation early this morning—several hours, in fact, before the injunction was issued. At all hazards the passengers shall be landed there."

En Route to Fire Island.

The steamer Cepheus started for Fire island Monday morning with the cabin passengers of the Normannia. The police on board express themselves as fully able and willing to cope with the Islip recalcitrants, and believe there will be no trouble when they are safely on shore and are certain that there can be but one result should a conflict ensue. Captain Tribble of Stapleton went to Fire island on the Cepheus as pilot. The Cepheus, having coaled and watered, started for the lower bay at 9 a. m.

When the Cepheus arrived at the dock there a great crowd had assembled but no one in the throng would take the lines of the boat and aid in fastening her to the dock. The crew of the Cepheus enraged at this refusal turned the boat's hose on the crowd and gave them a drenching. The steamboat could not make a landing and was finally compelled to anchor in the channel opposite the Surf hotel. Two attempts were made to tie up at the dock but each one proved unsuccessful.

Dr. Byron's Report.

QUARANTINE, Sept. 12.—Dr. Jenkins received the following report from Dr. Byron at 11 o'clock Monday: "There are no cases of gastric or intestinal trouble among the Rugia's passengers. On Hoffman island Max Sithwern, aged 2 years, who has bronchitis, is improving. The personal baggage of the Normannia's passengers is being disinfected and fumigated. All patients O. K. for the past fifteen hours On Swinburne island O. K. for the past fifteen hours and all patients are on the way to recovery. Up to midnight there had been admitted to Swinburne Island hospital 121 persons. Of these 56 were suspects, 27 were treated, 14 were admitted dead, 13 died in the hospital, 11 were transferred to Hoffman's island and 1 was discharged. Of the deaths, eight occurred within two hours after the time of admission."

Disasters at Sea.

HALIFAX, N. J., Sept. 12.—A schooner just returned to La Have from Grand Banks brings the report of the loss of the schooner Cashier of the same place. The vessels were fishing close together on the evening before the heavy gale of Aug. 23. Next morning after the storm had abated nothing was to be seen of the schooner, but numerous pieces of wreckage were floating about. Without doubt the Cashier went down in the gale and her entire crew of nineteen perished. The cashier is one of the finest fishing vessels sailing out of Nova Scotia.

According to the last census returns England possesses no fewer than 76,000 coachmen and grooms, 56,240 male indoor servants and 1,230,000 female indoor servants.

NINE PERSONS KILLED

Disaster at West Cambridge Junction, Mass.

A BAD SMASH-UP AT A CROSSING.

A Heavily Loaded Freight Express Train Crashes into a Coach Full of Passengers, Killing Six Outright and Fatally Injuring Three Others—Stories of the Engineers Concerning the Wreck—A List of Those Who Were Killed.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—The horror of the great Quincy accident was recalled Saturday night when a through freight express train, west-bound, on the Fitchburg railroad, ran into a passenger train standing on the out-bound track at West Cambridge junction, telescoping the rear car, killing six persons outright and injuring nearly forty others, three of whom have since died. Passenger train No. 131, due to leave Boston at 10:15 p. m., started on time. When West Cambridge junction was reached the engineer found it necessary, owing to the dense fog, to run close to the cross-overs in order to see if he had the right of way from the signal tower. The passenger train was said to be five minutes late and about the same hour the local passenger train from Waltham, scheduled to leave there at 10:32 o'clock, was due at West Cambridge junction also.

How It Happened.

The westbound train from Boston had come to a full stop in order that the eastbound train from Waltham, which had the right-of-way, could pass that point before it crossed over to the Watertown branch. While standing near the cross-over, the express freight train, which was bound west, came thundering along, and just as the passenger train started to cross the Watertown branch, the freight train crashed into the rear car of the passenger train. The rear car was split in two parts, each of which fell outward upon the track, while the roof of the car lodged on top of the locomotive. The recoil from the collision drove the heavily-loaded freight cars backward with such force that ten or twelve of them were smashed into kindling wood. Several of these were loaded with lumber and this was strewn all along the track. The cars were piled upon one another in indescribable confusion, completely blocking both tracks for fully 100 yards.

Sent for Surgeons.

As soon as the accident occurred word was sent by telephone to the various police stations in Boston, Somerville, and Cambridge. Owing to the fact that a man was forced to run on foot in advance to do flag duty the relief and wrecking trains were slow in reaching their destination. Six of the bodies had already been removed from the debris and two others were recovered later. By 1 o'clock in the morning all visible bodies had been removed from the wreck, and the wounded had been cared for by willing hands. The pilot and cylinder boxes of the freight engine were poked underneath the forward truck of the rear passenger car, which made it almost impossible for any human being to escape without injury who occupied seats in that car. On the rear end of the ill-fated car a man's legs were dangling, the trunk being found a quarter of a mile down the track. The rear brakeman of the passenger train, who shortly before the accident was sent back about 600 feet to notify the engineer of the freight train of danger head, states that he went back as directed and signal the freight train and his signal was answered by two whistles, which is the usual answer that all signals have been seen and noted.

Stories of the Engineers.

The reason for the collision, he feels sure, was that the engineer of the freight train could not control his train, which was of thirty cars, the greater part of them containing lumber, all very heavy. Engineer Goodwin of the freight train is in the Cambridge hospital suffering from a bad shaking up, but is not seriously injured. He says: "We were two hours late leaving Boston and had the right of way. Everything was all right until we got to West Cambridge. The signal were all right beyond the station for us to have the track. We were going about twenty miles an hour. When I saw the signals were all right I whistled, and immediataly after saw the rear end of the passenger train. I reversed the engine, but the momentum of the freight carried it into the passenger train." C. F. Lawson, the engineer of the passenger train, and one of the best men on the Fitchburg road, says: "We left Boston promptly on time at 10:15 p. m. We were delayed at Charlestown and made our usual stops. At West Cambridge station we were held to wait for a train from the Waltham branch.

Flames from the Wreck.

"The rear brakeman was sent back according to orders. I am sure he went back, because I myself went back a couple of cars to make sure of it. It was a foggy night and I knew he could not take too many precautions."

As soon as the crash came frantic men and women rushed about in a purposeless way, shrieking and groaning. Flames burst from the wrecked freight cars. Two alarms on the fire bells were hurriedly sounded. The whole fire department of Cambride responded promptly and soon put out the flames. Then the work of rescuing the dead and injured was begun. The windows of the rear car had be broken in and a portion of the side cut through in order to reach them. The work of clearing away the debris was pushed vigorously all night by a large wrecking gang. The names of the people killed are: Miss Margoire Adams, 35 years, Watertown; John H. Barnes, 61 years, Newton; Miss Rhita Feyler, 23 years, Waltham; John Hudson, 51 years, Watertown; H. F. Merrifield, Watertown; Leon O. Raymond, freight brakeman, Winchendon; Standish P. Sullivan, 56 years, East Watertown. Benjamin Tuck, 65 years, Watertown.

Conflagration at Visalia, Cal.

VISALIA, Sept. 12.—While the procession in honor of Admission day was marching through the main street Thursday afternoon a fire broke out, which for two hours threatened to destroy the town. The fire department of three other towns in the county were in the parade, and with their help the local department finally got the flames under control. One whole block of twenty-one houses was destroyed.

May Visit the World's Fair.

BERLIN, Sept. 12.—Klein's Journal states that the emperor, talking with Herr William Steinway of New York Sunday, said that it was not improbable that he would visit the Chicago exposition.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

"Frugal in all things. Liquors prohibited." This motto adorns many a house in Gojumra, a total abstinence village of Japan.

One hundred hammermen employed in the Atlantic mine at Houghton, Mich., struck for higher wages.

Nealy Fox, a fireman, laid down beside the Santa Fe track in an Iowa town. He fell asleep and a passing train killed him.

The carriage in which Napoleon I made his famous retreat from Moscow is still well preserved. It belongs to the Wellington estate.

General Francis A. Walker had not heard of his appointment as a member of the international silver conference until his return to Boston from Europe the other day. As yet he does not say whether he can serve or not.

Shulman Bros., cigar and tobacco dealers of Kansas City, have failed. The liabilities are $15,000 and the assets $10,000.

Frederick N. Eger of Mattoon, Ills., a breakman on the Chicago and Alton railroad, while engaged in coupling cars at Sherman, fell on the track and was run over.

A new clock ("Great Paul") is being built for St. Paul's cathedral in England. The bell upon which the clock will strike weighs seventeen tons, with a hammer weighing 680 pounds.

The Boston postmaster was called on the other day to deal with a letter addressed Charles Smith, K. Pan. He sent it at once to Cape Ann.

Three men in France competed to see who could drink the most water. One swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine, and the third seven. All three died from the effects.

The aged paupers in Bourne workhouse, Lincolnshire, are allowed an ounce of tobacco weekly.

The number of passengers carried on the City and South London Electric railway has increased by 400,000 over the number carried last year.

Gold has been found again in Wales—this time near Gwynfynydd, in Denbighshire. The vein is stated to yield twelve ounces of gold per ton of quartz.

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J. B. Shackleford, a lawyer of Bristol, Tenn., was discovered stealing law books and has disappeared.

It is thought probable that Rev. William Croswell Doane of Albany will succeed the late George William Curtis as chancellor of the board of regents of the University of New York.

The attraction at the colored camp meeting at Yocum's grove, Berks county, Pa., is "Bobby" Springer, the Lancaster county exhorter, whose age of 115 years is well authenticated.

The Westinghouse Air Brake company stockholders re-elected the old officers at Pittsburg. A big increase in the business during the year was shown.

The monument which the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland are to erect at Chickamauga is located within a few yards of the Widow Glenn's house, which was "Old Rosey's" headquarters on the field. It will cost $35,000.

Charles Brooks, a negro, was hanged in Spokane for the murder of his white wife.

An explosion of power at Keener's Creek, W. Va., killed two men and wounded six others.

D. W. Blaine, the Republican nominee for member of the legislature in Pratt county, Kan., is a distant relative of James G. Blaine. He has lived in Pratt county almost since the county was organized.

Eben H. Redding traveled from Spring Valley, N. Y., to be present at the reunion of "absent sons" of Gloucester, Mass., at the 250th anniversary of that city. Mr. Redding, who is 92 years old and in vigorous health for his age, is the senior survivor of the Gloucester artillery of which he became a member in 1817.

The skeleton of the once famous racer Palo Alto will soon grace the museum at Leland Stanford, Jr., university, in company with the skeletons of Electioneer and Occident.

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The gross earnings of the Atchison for August (approximated), including the St. Louis and San Francisco, are $4,173,670; increase, $286,551.

John L. Stoddard, the well-known lecturer, is on another trip around the world from Vancouver, B. C., on the steamship Empress for Yokohama Sept. 1. He will travel 20,000 miles by sea and 5,000 by land.

The last Irish census shows a decline of population since 1881 of 470,000. The number of foreigners has increased, chiefly owing to the large immigration of Russian Jews.

Sir Lyon Playfair, just elevated to the peerage, married in 1876 an American lady, Miss Edith Russell of Boston.

Hamilton Fish is now the sole survivor of those distinguished men who held the governorship of New York prior to 1879.

John Brooks, a Stamford, Conn., ex-convict, shot his wife, put one bullet into his child, and then shot himself twice. Brooks will die, but the wife and child will probably recover.

Bessie Taylor, a servant girl, committed suicide at Washington, Ind., by taking a large dose of morphine.

A seemingly destitute pauper named James Stewart died suddenly in the Belfast workhouse. American money amounting to $10,000 and twenty shares in mining companies were found secreted in the lining of his coat. No relatives of the deceased have as yet been located.

A fruit train consisting of eight cars heavily laden was wrecked at Galesburg, Ills., on the Santa Fe road. Beside the damage done the cars and contents a bridge was wrecked causing a complete suspension of through traffic.

A New York syndicate has bought 296 acres of land in Lake and Porter counties, Ind., and will establish a summer resort.

Emperor William's annual salary is $4,000,000.

Titus Andrews, a farmer, fell under a roller near Alma, Mich., and was fatally hurt.

Indiana Knights of the Maccabees have elected the following officers: State commander, Stephen Zeltner; lieutenant commander, G. Kinsley. The next convention will be held at Indianapolis in September, 1893.

An explosion of powder at Keeners's Creek, W. Va., killed two men and wounded six others.

* * *

Mrs. R. W. Cornwall and Mrs. Libbie Bennett while crossing the Northern Minnesota railroad track near Pine Island, Minn., were run over by a train and probably fatally injured.

John Cudahy proposes to open up meat markets in New Albany, Ind., and compete with the local butchers.

Peter Loquelli is in jail at Mount Airy, O., for wantonly mutilating cows belonging to dairymen.

W. R. Garrett and Eugene Thurman quarreled at Leroy, Ark., and Garrett shot Thurman dead. Garrett has disappeared.

The harvesting of wheat in South Dakota is about over and reports indicate an average yield.

The whaleback steamer Charles W. Wetmore is reported ashore and a total wreck on the Oregon coast.

Gilbert Brennan received a shock at the electric light plant at St. Joseph, Mich., from which he died.

After a deadlock of several days Congressman Barwig was finally renominated at Watertown, Wis., on the 103d ballot.

George Otto Trevelyn, one of Gladstone's new cabinet ministers, says in his biography of Macauly that that distinguished writer once on a wager made 200 puns in two hours.

Dr. S. P. Sample, a prominent physician of northwest Arkansas, dropped dead while attending a meeting of a board of pension examiners at Little Rock.

The annual report of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad company for the year ending June 30, 1892, shows net income from all sources of $11,593,443. The fixed charges were $7,161,736, leaving a balance of $4,431,706. After paying 7 per cent. on the preferred stock there remained $2,744,358 applicable to dividends on the common stock or equal to 6.02 per cent.

Dr. Burroughs of Amherst has been elected president of Wabash college, Indiana.

Mrs. James Fisher, wife of a prominent physician of Durand, Ills., while watching the performance of a wild west show, in connection with the Winnebago (Ills. county fair, was hit and fatally injured by a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of one of the performers.

* * *

At a meeting of the Evansville and Terre Haute directors in New York it was decided to increase the capital stock from $3,000,000 to $6,000,000, the new stock to be issued as a scrip dividend of 100 per cent. to the present shareholders.

At Glasgow the Trades congress adopted a resolution calling on parliament to establish a compulsory eight-hour law with local option, but refused to demand the stoppage of foreign labor importation during strikes.

Frank Williams was badly scalded by a boiler explosion at Mullen's sawmill at New Castle, Ind.

All the lumber mills at Marinette have closed down. Between 2,000 and 3,000 men went out.

M. de Ville of Paris, now at Chicago, outlines the plan of a company, of which he is manager, to reproduce by electricity views of the fair in New York and of the big naval parade in Chicago.

All of the members of President Harrison's cabinet have promised to make four or five speeches during the campaign.

Cholera has broken out again in the shah's dominions. A report sent out from Teheran says that the daily death rate now averages twenty-one.

The glass works at Colorado Springs have been destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $100,000.

There have been a series of gigantic bank and building society failures in London, aggregating liabilities of $6,000,000, the last one announced being that of the House and Land Investment trust.

Congressional nominations: Second Wisconsin, Charles Bonsig (Rep.); Sixth Wisconsin, C. H. Forward (Prohib.); Eighth Wisconsin, Lyman E. Barnes (Dem.); Fifth Michigan, George F. Richardson (People's); Thirteenth Missouri, R. W. Fyan (Dem.); Sixth Massachusetts, William Cogswell (Rep.); Second New Hampshire, Hosea W. Parker (Dem.); Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania, A. Stewart (Rep.); Second Louisiana, John F. White (Rep.)

A dispute over the ownership of a tract of land in Bardin county, Ky., resulted in the shooting of Will Daniels by Bill Lee, a notorious character. Daniels was shot from ambush in the most cowardly manner.

Louis Kossuth told a recent interviewer that he did not believe the Hungarian-Austrian empire would hold together more than one more generation, and that the Magyars would form the nucleus of the new state to be formed out of the wreck.

* * *

J. W. Lytle, a former bank president of Western, Neb., was arrested at Kedron, Ark., charged with embezzlement. It is said he and his cashier made a shortage of $14,000 and spent it.

Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, wife of the late ex-Vice President Hamlin, lives in the old Hamlin homestead at Bangor, Me. She is surrounded by hosts of friends and entertains at every season of the year.

An immense glacial field is said to have been found in central Idaho, which will probably cover an area nearly as large, though not as thick, as the glacier field of the Alps.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches**, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Squire Kate" and "The Wife."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Hallen and Hart.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Miss Julia Marlowe.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Chris and Lena."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Railroad Ticket."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

HOW IRELAND IS PLEDGED FINANCIALLY.

O'Connell, in his boldest moods, used to say that England made Ireland "pay for the knife with which Castlereagh cut his throat." Even Mr. Gladstone insisted, in his bill of 1886 on taxing Ireland for a rod with which to beat herself. His plan at that time, in the matter of Irish Finance under a Home Rule enactment was as follows:

"12—(1) For the purpose of providing for the public service of Ireland the Irish legislature may impose taxes, other than duties of customs or excise as defined by this act, which duties shall continue to be imposed and levied by and under the direction of the Imperial parliament only.

(2) On and after the appointed day there shall be an Irish Consolidated Fund separate from the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

(3) All taxes imposed by the legislature of Ireland and all other public revenues under the control of the government of Ireland shall, subject to any provisions touching the disposal thereof contained in any act passed in the present session respecting the sale and purchase of land in Ireland, be paid into the Irish Consolidated Fund, and be appropriated to the public service of Ireland according to law.

13.—(1) Subject to the provisions for the reduction or cesses thereof in this section mentioned, there shall be made on the part of Ireland to the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom the following annual contributions in every financial year; that is to say:

(a) The sum of one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds on account of the interest on the management of the Irish share of the National debt.

(b) The sum of one million six hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds on account of the expenditure on the army and navy of the United Kingdom.

(c) The sum of one hundred and ten thousand pounds on account of the Imperial civil expenditure of the United Kingdom.

(d) The sum of one million pounds on account of the Royal Irish constabulary and the Dublin metropolitan police.

(2) During the period of thirty years from this section taking effect the said annual contributions shall not be increased, but may be reduced or cease as hereinafter mentioned. After the expiration of the said thirty years the said contributions shall, save as otherwise provided by this section, continue until altered in manner provided with respect to the alteration of this act.

(3) The Irish share of the National debt shall be reckoned at forty eight million pounds bank annuities, and there shall be paid in every financial year on behalf of Ireland to the commissioners for the reduction of the National debt an annual sum of three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and the permanent annual charge for the National debt on the Consolidated fund of the United Kingdom shall be reduced by that amount, and the said annual sum shall be applied by the said commissioners as a sinking fund for the redemption of the National debt and the Irish share of the National debt shall be reduced by the amount of the National debt so redeemed, and the said annual contribution on account of the interest on and management of the Irish share of the National debt shall from time to time be reduced by a sum equal to the interest upon the amount of the National debt from time to time so redeemed, but the last mentioned sum shall be paid annually to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National debt in addition to the above mentioned annual sinking fund, and shall be so paid and be applied as if it were part of that sinking fund.

(4) As soon as an amount of the National debt equal to the said Irish share thereof has been redeemed under the provisions of this section, the said annual contribution on account of the interest on and management of the Irish share of the National debt, and the said annual sum for a sinking fund shall cease.

(5) If it appears to Her Majesty that the expenditure in respect to the army and navy of the United Kingdom, or in respect of Imperial civil expenditure of the United Kingdom, for any financial year has been less than fifteen times the amount of the contributions above named on account of the same matter a sum equal to one fifteenth part of the diminution shall be deducted from the current annual contribution for the same matter.

(6) The sum paid from time to time by the commissioners of Her Majesty's woods, forests and land revenues to the Consolidated funds of the United Kingdom on account of the hereditary revenues of the Crown in Ireland shall be credited to the Irish government, and go in reduction of the said annual contribution, payable on account of the Imperial civil expenditure of the United Kingdom, but shall not be taken into account in calculating whether such diminution as above mentioned has or has not taken place in such expenditure."

Every Irishman who has read the history of his country, or who knows it by tradition, is perfectly familiar with the great obligation which Ireland lies under for "protection" to the English army and navy and to the Irish constabulary. As a matter of fact, it would be better for Ireland to be garrisoned by the Turks than the forces named. The "National debt," so called is not of her making at all. It was contracted to put down the rebellion of 1798, which the Anglo-Irish government provoked, to make war on Napoleon, to bribe the traitor members of the Irish parliament to consent to the "Union" and for other purposes conducive not to Ireland's welfare but to her degradation and misery. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone, in his new bill, will not insist on robbing Ireland for the purpose of rewarding her enemies.

ANGLO-JEWISH HATRED OF RUSSIA.

The retribution that generally follows race persecution is well illustrated in the hatred the English born Jews bear toward Russia. A London correspondent of the *Irish Daily Independent*, writing under date of Aug. 25 says:

"It is not wise to play the prophet in this nineteenth century, but I have little hesitation in predicting that before Mr. Gladstone quits office England will be at war with Russia over these remote and miserable Central Asian questions, and the responsibility will lie with the Tories and those jingo Liberals who will join with them in baiting the Northern Bear. It must not be lost sight of that a considerable number of so-called English members are in reality Jews by faith and nationality; and these men hate Russia with an intensity that no one who does not understand revolutionary Europe can comprehend. Independent of the labor element in Parliament there are enough Jews in the English House of Commons to throw Mr. Gladstone out of power on a question which involves peace or war with Russia. Let it be remembered that on such an issue every Jew in Parliament will vote solid for war against Russia, no matter what their political affinities may be on other questions. The Jews of all countries hate the Russians.

The English press is largely Jewish. Take, for instance, the *Daily Telegraph*, *Truth*, and the controlling interest in the *Daily News*, *The London Illustrated News*, and the *Newcastle Chronicle*, with a host of others. Men are accustomed to talk of these papers as English; but it only shows how ignorant people are of the facts which lie under their very noses."

The very charge made by the Irish correspondent against the English Jews has been made by the English and anti-Irish American papers against the Irish settled in this country. They have been accused persistently of seeking to involve America with England, for Irish interests only. It is hardly necessary to say that the charges were false, and so, perhaps, are those made by the correspondent of the *Independent* against the Jews of England. It is true, however, that the Irish soldiers who served in both the Union and Confederate armies were very desirous of measuring swords with the English immediately after the war, but Americans generally were then of the same mind, those of the North because England helped the rebels too much, and those of the South because they thought she did not help them enough. Thus she succeeded in making enemies of both sections. It is by no means certain either whether England can whip Russia in Central Asia or elsewhere. THE CITIZEN is unable to understand why the *Independent* man should be so "imperially" patriotic all of a sudden. A war between England and Russia, or any other great power, would be a God send to Ireland, because it would enable her to wring a full measure of legislative independence from England, as Hungary won it from Austria in 1866. Therefore, we say, if the English Jews are strong enough to compel England to fight Russia, God prosper their project! Nothing would please us better than to see the two greatest tyrants of the Old World at each other's throats.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The question of education in Ireland is one of great interest. Many people in this country labor under the delusion that the Irish are a sort of benighted people, and that they have to come to America to receive the light of knowledge. That the American school system is an excellent one, as far as secular education goes, no person of intelligence will deny, but it is a familiar fact that some of the most prominent men of the Irish race in this country were educated in Ireland. The late John Boyle O'Reilly was an example, and the living Burke Cochran is another. It is noticeable that the younger generation of Irish immigrants are almost Americanized in everything but their accent. The latter clings to many of them, "like the broad Atlantic blast," healthy, bracing and vigorous. In fact, many of the young men arriving here are as well equipped for the great battle of life as the natives themselves, and can hold their own in any sphere of labor, mental or manual. Recent statistics dealing with Irish education show a very marked improvement throughout the island. An Irish exchange, the Kilkenny *Journal*, says that education in Ireland during the decade ending in 1891, has attracted considerable attention and thought:

In the National schools the system of payment by results, established during the seventies, came into full operation. The Intermediate act 1878 had only come into effectual working when the decade opened. Finally, in 1881, the Royal University held its first Matriculation examination. The effects of all these new agencies in stimulating attendance, improving the general standard of education, and affording facilities for the acquirement of the higher branches of knowledge can be more or less clearly gathered from the report of the census commissioners. It may be doubted whether the results are commensurate with the effort. No doubt there are some gratifying achievements recorded on the face of the report. The number of wholly illiterate persons in the population aged 5 years and upwards has been reduced to 25 2. In 1881 only 59 3 per cent of the population above the age of 5 could read and write; now 70.6 per cent can. Again, though the population decreased by nearly half a million, and the number of children under the age of 15 by 15.7 per cent, the school reckoning showed an increase in the number of establishments for primary instruction from 9,151 to 9,177, and in the attendance of over 10,000. Superior schools were found to be fourteen fewer than in 1881, and no less than ninety seven fewer than in 1871, when the number was 587; but the number of pupils in attendance rose from 24,170 in 1871 to 24,693 in 1881, and finally to 27,769 in 1891. We are glad to note that, although there is a considerable falling away in the number of Protestant Episcopalians attending at the superior schools, the number of Catholics attending such schools rose within the decade from 13,064 to 15,480.

Here, we think, we can see the effects of the Intermediate Education act, though we should like to have observed the legislation for the improvement of Intermediate Education in Ireland followed by a growth in the number of schools as well as in the number of scholars. The framers of the act of 1878 did not aim at that result, however, and their scheme is so far defective. Another notable sign of educational advance is the increase in the number of young persons described in the returns as 'Students.' The increase amounts to no less than 13,843, or about 16 per cent. Further evidence is furnished by the returns of the number of persons engaged in the study of one or more of the subjects Latin, Greek, Modern Languages and Mathematics. The number increased during the decade from 18,657 to 23 484; and of this increase 4,268 is contributed by the advance in the number of Roman Catholic students. The investigations of the commissioners here have discovered the fact that there is a large fall in the number of pupils engaged in the study of Greek, while there is a very large increase in the number of pupils learning Modern Languages and Mathematics. This decline of the study of Greek, if it is due to the unpopularity of Greek among students aiming at a professional career or the attainment of a grade of higher culture, is not altogether to be welcomed. We fear it is being hastened by the requirements of the Intermediate Education examiners on the subject. '10,497 pupils, of whom 1,416 were females, were under instruction in Latin during the week ending May 30, 1891; 3 715, including 52 females, were learning Greek; 21 702, including 9,464 of the fair sex, were being instructed in one or more modern languages; and 14,055 students, including 2,252 female students, were studying mathematics in connection with one or other of the foregoing.' Only 1,436—1,232 boys and 314 girls—were engaged in the study of the language of the Gael, though over 680,000 persons in Ireland can speak Irish. The highest county percentage of persons who could speak Irish in the province of Leinster was that for the county of Kilkenny.

To return to the primary schools, it is not noted that though the total number of scholars in attendance during the year ending 31st March, 1891, was less than in 1881, there was an increased attendance in the number of pupils making from 100 to 200 attendances. In 1881 only 55.1 per cent. of the pupils attended 80 days and upwards; in 1891, 65 1 per cent. were found to have made that attendance. A marked improvement has taken place in the National Schools in this respect during the past thirty years. In 1861 only 38 9 per cent. of the pupils were found to have attended 100 days and upwards; in 1871, 39 3 per cent.; 1881, the Results system having been introduced meantime, 48.9 per cent.; and in 1891, 57.2 per cent. Though there are fewer children they attend better, and the consequence is seen in the reduction of the number of the illiterates between the ages of 5 and 16 from 369,935 to 211,701.

It is gratifying to note what a half century has done to remove the effects of the old governmental war on the schoolmaster. In 1841, 53 per cent. of the population above the age of 5 could neither read nor write; now only 18 per cent. are in that condition. In Leinster the percentage of illiterates has been reduced from 44 to 15; in Munster, from 61 to 20; in Ulster, from 40 to 15, and in Connaught, from 72 to 27. One notes with satisfaction that the greatest strides have been made in those provinces where the old detestable policy had operated most freely and with the most disastrous results. Thus illiteracy in Connaught, thanks to "clerical dictation" and the "obscurantist" policy of the Roman Catholic Church—has declined 45 per cent., while in Ulster it has declined 25 per cent. Passing from the primary schools to the university and professional colleges, we find the movement here rather retrograde, notwithstanding the considerable improvement in intermediate education. The number of students in the books of Trinity College fell from 1,838 to 1,162, the number in the Queen's colleges from 1,043 to 802. The decrease in Galway was from 208 to 107, and in Cork from 327 to 245. It is remarkable that the number of students in the medical faculty in these colleges fell from 704 to 446. Evidently the medical student is giving his preference more and more to the licensing body—a change not to be viewed with satisfaction, as it means a narrowing of his general education and culture. The commissioners neglected to elicit from the Royal University the number of university students on its books, and the omission is a blot on the report, though the commissioners seem not to think so. To sum up, the census shows increased and more regular attendance in both primary and superior schools, a large advance in the number of students who are engaged in the study of Latin, Greek or a modern language in connection with the ordinary subjects of English education, but no corresponding increase in the number of university students. The next census commission would do well to supplement its record with fuller and more specific information on the subject of professional and technical schools, and should add physical and applied science to the group of subjects, of the students of which they have furnished us with an account.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN LABOR.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, reviewing the recent Homestead troubles in the *New England Magazine* for September, says:

"The American workingmen are not Anarchists; the men of the American labor unions are not Anarchists,—the sooner all good people take that fact peaceably to heart the better. Even Mr. Pinkerton confessed his faith to the Congressional Committee the other day that the labor unions are made up, with but the slightest exceptions, of most sober and law-abiding men. The sheriff of Pittsburgh might quite safely have sworn in a thousand of these strikers as policemen—he could have found none better. Not one brick of the Carnegie property was damaged through all the tumult. Not one of the thousands of striking men, we are authoritatively told, was once found drunk. Of what company of four thousand bankers or railroad magnates, suddenly thrown into a month's idleness at New York or Newport, could as much be said? Great collisions and excitements, like the recent one at Homestead, will usually bring a turbulent minority into lawless proceedings of some sort. It will not be strange if more than once, while passion rages, non union men taking the places of union men are violently interfered with; and shot and shell may be necessary to teach that this also—like the corporation's private army—cannot be permitted in this free republic; there is no more place for the despotism of Amalgamated Iron than for the despotism of Amalgamated Gold. But the American workingmen, we say, are not Anarchists. There is no class to which the paralysis of industry brings such quick and serious suffering; there is no class which pays so high a price for social disorder and bad government; there is no class whose circumstances so imperatively command patience and forbid foolishness. When, therefore, we find impatience and tumult and madness in their midst, with thousands of them taking great risks together—of loss of place and sustenance, of loss of home—out of a sense, right or wrong, of injustice, it would seem to be time for all of us to seriously study the situation. Let us not study it as martinets, nor as chiefly in dog days drinkers of claret punch, but as men remembering that two thousand men, with their wives and children—according to Jesus Christ and the old-fashioned people, brothers and sisters of ours—are now homeless wanderers from the homes of Homestead, to whom the question, 'Has a man a *right* to be employed?' is not gospel. *A right to be employed!* Yes! What other right is so primary and inalienable, if the man be an honest man, willing to do honest work for just wages? What so perilous to a community as to refuse him honest work and just wages?"

THE BISHOPS' CIRCULAR.

A lengthy document, addressed to the Catholics of the Province of Illinois, and signed by Archbishop Feehan, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop Ryan, of Alton, and Bishop Janssen, of Belleville, was read in all the Catholic churches of said province last Sunday. It dealt with a great many questions which we have not, at present, time to discuss, but which require respectful consideration, more, however, on account of the high and holy calling of the Most Rev. and Right Rev. authors of the document, than from anything new, or particularly startling, that can be deduced from its arguments and representations. The chief feature in the pastoral, outside of the question of education, is a fully developed "boom" for the *New World*, successor to the *Catholic Home*, which, if we are to believe the bishops' circular, as, of course, we have to, is to eclipse everything journalistic on this earth. The *New World* has already begun its course around the sun of journalism, and is described as follows by a daily contemporary: It will be issued once a week, and is the official organ of the Catholic Church in Illinois. It is an eight page seven column sheet, filled with closely condensed matter from all parts of the State, on which there are carefully written editorials. John Hyde is editor and James P. Foley business manager, the publishers are the Catholic Press company, the officers are: The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, President; the Rev. Hugh McGuire, Vice President; the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, Treasurer; the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, Secretary. The board of directors is composed of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, the Rev. William Netstraeter, the Rev. D. A. Tighe, the Rev. Hugh McGuire, the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, the Rev. D. J. Riordan, the Rev. Thomas F. Mangan, the Rev. T. F. O'Gara.

We hail our contemporary with delight, and hope it may realize all that is expected from it, although it occurs to us that, up to date, religion has been more powerful in the pulpit than in the sanctum. However, the *New World* may mark a new era in religious journalism, and, with due respect to our old time pious editorial brethren, it is badly needed.

CAPT. O'MEAGHER CONDON.

THE CITIZEN feels unfeigned regret in announcing the sudden death of the famous Irish patriot, Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, news of which was received at the Treasury Department Sunday afternoon. Capt. Condon was Inspector of Buildings under the Architect of the Treasury, and while en route for Helena, Mont., on business of the department the sad event occurred. Capt. Condon was well known in Chicago. He was born in Ohio about 1837, of Irish parentage, and at the beginning of the war went to New York, where the organization of the Irish Legion was going on, and was the first volunteer to enlist in the company of Capt. Oulahan of the old One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, Corcoran Legion. After serving with distinction during the war he was discharged with the rank of captain, and then on account of his Irish affiliations became involved in the schemes of the Fenians, whose organization was at that time extended to all parts of the country and to England.

While engaged in this work some of the party were detected and placed under arrest. Condon and some others who were still at liberty conceived the bold plan of liberating them while on their way to prison in the police van in Manchester. The attempt was successful. The conveyance was stopped in broad daylight on the street, but the door being locked it was necessary to force an exit for those within, and one of the party put his revolver to the lock of the door intending to blow it open, but the constable who was inside with the prisoners had his eye on the keyhole at the time trying to see what was the matter outside, and in this position he received the bullet in his brain. There were friends of the rescuing party near by, and Col. Kelley and Capt. Deasy, in whose behalf the rescue was attempted, got safely off, but Condon and three others, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, and a pensioner named Maguire were arrested. The rescuers who were captured were sentenced to be hanged and drawn and quartered, and on Allen, Larkin and O'Brien the sentence was executed. But in the case of Capt. Condon the President was induced to take up his case on the ground of his American citizenship. Maguire proved an alibi. Nearly all the evidence in the case was grossly perjurous.

Through the representation of Secretary Seward the sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment for life, and after spending twelve years in an English prison Condon was released and returned to this country, where he received an appointment in the Treasury. Through his skill in the work he rapidly rose to the position he occupied at the time of his death. He was a brave and an honorable man, and deserved well of all lovers of liberty.

TO HONOR COLUMBUS.

The following letter from the most Rev. Archbishop was read in all the pulpits of the Archdiocese last Sunday:

CHICAGO, Sept. 5—Reverend and Dear Sir: It is proper that the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus be duly celebrated by all the people, and in a special manner by Catholics.

The great explorer was a devoted Catholic; his enterprise was made possible by the noble Catholic Queen of Spain, Isabella; his first act when landing on the shore of the newly discovered world was to plant the cross—the symbol of Catholic faith.

Liberty, almost unknown, found a home in the land Columbus discovered. Catholics enjoy its blessings, while they share with their fellow-citizens the great prosperity that everywhere prevails. We will, therefore, commemorate this anniversary, first by giving thanks to God, and for this a solemn mass of the most holy trinity will be celebrated wherever possible Oct. 12, or if more convenient the following Sunday. There may also be benediction of the most blessed sacrament and Te Deum may be sung.

The reverend pastors and teachers might arrange for October 21 some special and appropriate exercises for the children of our Catholic schools, so that they may obtain a knowledge and afterward retain a happy memory of this great historical Catholic event.

It would be most desirable if all our Catholic organizations and societies would join the public civil procession Oct. 21. I remain, reverend and dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ,

P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

A LYING AND SLANDEROUS ARTICLE.

The most villainous articles about Ireland that ever appeared in the American press may be seen in the *North American Review* for August. It is by that traitorous Celt and bitter Tory, the Duke of Argyle. His real name is O Duibhne.* He is the only Scotch Celt who so name has an O to it; but of a truth no Irish O or Mac can regard this decendant of a noble Irish race, with any feelings save those of unmitigated disgust.

This so-called "nobleman" must be not only a cringing worshipper of the power that ruined the race he represents, but a man to whom it comes far easier to write lies than truth. He says in the article under notice which heads the title of "Home Rule and the Elections," that Home Rule means exactly what secession meant in America twenty-five years ago. This is a lie; the man who wrote it is a liar of the worst kind, because a wilful one. However greatly the Irish people might wish to be absolutely independent of Great Britain, however strong their spirit of nationality may be, the very most pronounced sort of Home Rule they ask for, would have them as much under British domination as they are today. Every one knows this; but the Duke of Argyle with perfect knowledge that he was making a liar of himself, unblushingly and brazenly writes what no man but a fool or a scoundrel would dare to pen; and the *North American Review*, by printing such an article, has earned the hatred of every decent, truth-loving individual of every nationality. Until it apologizes not only to the Irish, but to the public at large for printing such an article, no one who hates lying and loves truth, no matter to what race or nation he may belong, should buy a magazine that has put itself beyond the pale of common decency.

To make the printing of this infamous article doubly heinous to show that the manager of the *North American Review* either believed in it, or wanted to compliment its unspeakably rascally author, it is put in the "place of honor," it is the first article in the magazine. Never has any American publication shown itself so openly hostile, not only to the Irish people, but to truth; never has any English magazine, not even *Blackwood's*, printed an article so thoroughly untrue, unfair and infamous. If the Irish of New York do right, they will send a deputation of respectable men to wait on the editor of the *North American Review* and demand an apology, not only for slandering a whole nation, but for printing what is simply a tissue of lies.

According to Mr. O'Duibhne, whose sobriquet is Campbell (crooked mouth), and whose title is Argyle, Ireland owes to England everything in the shape of law and civilization that Ireland possesses. He says in this article that until Ireland got law from England she had no civilized law. Did Mr. O'Duibhne ever hear of the ancient Brehon laws of Ireland? He has been posing as a literary man for many years, and pretends to be a well read one. Giving him credit for all the stupidity he shows in his writings, and for the ignorance for which so many of his class are noted, he could still hardly be unaware that there exists in the Irish language the most complete, voluminous, interesting and generally just code of laws of which any ancient people can boast. If he does not know he should know that so far as these Brehon laws of ancient Ireland have been translated, they have been voluminously commented on by the learned men of almost every European nation, including those of England. He should, when he talks about "civilized

law," know what sort of laws England made for Ireland during five hundred years. He should know something about the laws passed by the purely English parliament of Kilkenny in the fourteenth century, when it was made a death penalty for any one living in the English Pale in Ireland to marry an Irish wife, to speak the Irish language, or to dress in the Irish fashion He should read something about the beautifully "civilized" English penal laws that were passed against Catholics and enforced for over two hundred years, and for which "horrible, most horrible" would be the expression that would rise to the lips of all honest men.

Never, we repeat, has so infamous an article as that of the Duke of Argyle appeared in an American magazine, and THE CITIZEN, in the name of truth, justice and decency, calls on the *North American Review* to make some sort of an apology for having published it.

*Campbell is not the real family name of the Duke of Argyle; it is O'Duibhne, and is so written in many ancient documents. Bishop Carswell dedicated his Gaelic prayer book, printed in 1567, to Gillesabuigh O'Duibhne, Duke of Argyle and Lord of Lorne. He never would have dared to address his patron, and at the time the most powerful man in Scotland, by any name but his real one. Campbell was originally a soubriquet or nickname; but on account of its non Celtic appearance, it was adopted as the family name. It means "crooked mouth," but should be spelled without a *p*. The *p* was evidently stuck in in order to give the name a more English appearance. It is a well known fact that up to the year 1600, or thereabouts, the Campbells of Argyle signed their name O'Duibhne, which in an Anglicized form would be O'Diany or O'Divney. R.

MORLEY IN IRELAND.

Mr. John Morley, the Gladstonean Chief Secretary for Ireland, has begun well in releasing from prison an unfortunate tenant who was incarcerated for many years by Balfour's government for alleged contempt of court in an eviction proceeding. Mr. Morley is credited with saying that he believes in governing Ireland from Dublin rather than from London. If he follows out this programme, he will earn the respect of mankind and go far toward settling the most complicated and long sustained political battle of all the ages. We are informed by cable that, on Sunday, the first visible sign of a new era dawning over Ireland was the abstention of the police from attending the meeting of the evicted tenants held at Woodford the other day. Under the late regime a portion of Mr. O'Brien's audience on this occasion would have been a cordon of police, baton in hand, with one of their number on the platform struggling with an inadequate knowledge of shorthand to report his speech. This was done in the name of law and order. Neither the law nor order was broken at the meeting held under the new dispensation, which will be memorable as making the re-establishment of the right of public meeting in Ireland.

Mr. Morley has decided to take up his residence in Ireland, at the vice regal lodge, during recess, and will, meanwhile, consult with all classes of the people relative to the situation.

THE veterans of the Irish Ninth and Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts regiments, together with a number of leading civilians of the same race, have tendered a reception to General Francis A. Walker. It will take place at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of Monday, Sept. 19 Although General Walker modestly deprecates any thanks for his eulogy of the Irish-American as a soldier and a citizen, at the tercentenary celebration in Trinity College last July, his fellow citizens of Irish blood have been deeply moved by an action as spontaneous as it was gracious and manly. Loyalty to comrades is one of the the noblest of soldierly virtues. When it is the loyalty of a commander to men of lesser rank, it is doubly honorable. True American soldiers, of any rank or race, have never grudged to acknowledge the gallantry of their Irish-American comrades. It remained for General Walker to proclaim it, with perfect propriety and tact, where it might otherwise have been ignored.—*Pilot, Sept.* 10.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last meeting of Oakley Court No. 128, C. O. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and goodness to remove from our midst brother Thomas Finnagan. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of brother Thomas Finnagan this Court has lost a true and trusted member, a man endowed with those graces of mind and body which endeared him to all who knew him.

Resolved, That while bowing submissively to the will of God, we deeply deplore the loss of one who was to us a cheerful companion, to his wife and family a kind husband and loving father.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased in this their sad hour of affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this Court, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and one each for publication to THE CITIZEN and *News World*.

WM DONNELLY,
M. O CONNOR
EDWARD GIBARD,
Committee on Resolutions.

Harvest Excursion

HALF RATES. SEPTEMBER 27.

The BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell round trip tickets at half rates, good 20 days, to the cities and farming regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Eastern ticket agents will sell through tickets on the same plan. See that they read over the Burlington Route, the best line from Chicago, Peoria, Quincy and St. Louis For further information write to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

HEROIC REMEDIES.

Such Are the Means Proposed by Eleanor Kirk to Keep Out the Cholera.

Some Reflections on Immigration and Other Matters.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1892 — Those of us who have relatives and friends in the European cities where Cholera is now rampant cannot feel very comfortable. It is hard enough to consider the misery of strangers, but to have those we love in danger of this scourge turns a possible pity and sympathy into a very active emotion. Some of my friends who are expecting the home folks back from their summer tour abroad are much exercised about the time they will be obliged to stay in the lower bay and the fumigation which it is now decided that even the baggage of first class cabin passengers must undergo. They seem to think that this delay and inconvenience is entirely unnecessary, and are very emphatic in their denunciations of the manifesto in this regard.

There is a selfishness about this view of the case which is not particularly pleasant to contemplate. If first cabin passengers sail from infected ports why should not their trunks and general baggage be treated the same as their poorer companions in the steerage?

One lady informed me, with tears in her eyes, that a friend who had just sailed from Antwerp had bought in Paris one dozen pairs of kid gloves for her, and another friend was bringing her "a whole Felix costume."

"Why they will all be spoiled and ruined," she exclaimed. "They burn sulphur, or tar, or something, and it destroys everything it comes in contact with. Of course I shall have to lose all that money, because I gave written orders for the things."

I meekly suggested that to lose even a Felix gown was preferable to losing a friend from cholera, or of running the least danger of spreading the plague, but she shook her head and refused to see the point.

Then there are the men and women who are trying to secure the influence of officials to land their particular friends and save their baggage from the steam room. If friendship or money can do this in a crisis like the present one, then the instruments of the crime should be shot, and the persons who are willing to release and be released under these conditions should be killed on the spot. Such selfishness, meanness, outrageous cruelty, and criminality deserves no quarter.

Steamships carrying immigrants will do a losing business for a while, but the governmental mandate which has just gone forth, of twenty days quarantine—in other words that no vessel carrying immigrants shall be allowed to come to her dock until the expiration of that time—is a wise one. It is of course equivalent to stopping immigration, because no company can stand the expense of feeding and caring for these unfortunate creatures. It will be done once but the next time the vessel comes sailing home there will be no obstructive passengers. Government never did a "cuter" thing to my mind. To put a stop to immigration was a difficult and almost impossible thing, and one that would cause no end of trouble. Now the various steamship companies can fill up between decks as they please, and then can take care of what they have there. At $15 per head, it will not be a money making business.

To detect a silver lining to so dark a cloud will perhaps suggest a foolish and altogether bottomless optimism. But I see here and there a bright rift. In fact the sable mantle has quite a good many star holes. To begin with, it seems to me—I do not say it is so—that if immigration could be stopped for a time, just long enough for America to get a breath from the bottom of her lungs, reflect upon the foolish things she has done, and take account of stock, that the effect would be such a growth in common sense and justice to ourselves, that the nation would never be caught napping in some things again. I haven't time to tell what seems to me would be the effect upon labor and capital, but it would be benign.

Then as we learn great lessons from great events only this will probably be a cleaner world after the cholera has done its work than ever before. Some of the cities of Europe where the plague has been simmering for years are far dirtier than our pig pens, and their inhabitants filthier than our hogs. We are not any too clean over here, but the worst of our nastiness is imported, and the cessation of immigration will give us time to clean house, and we sadly need it.

We are directed by our health board to avoid over-ripe and unripe fruits, and to boil all the water and all the milk we drink. These are hygienic preventions which should apply to any time. I do not know of any water in our cities that is pure and wholesome enough to drink as it comes from the aqueducts, and as for the water in country places, the less said about some of that the better. Those who have springs situated at an impossible distance from the various house nuisances have something to be glad of. And what do we in the cities know of the condition of the cows whose milk we drink? Verily, nothing. Then let us boil both our water and our milk and so destroy whatever disease germs they may contain.

There is nothing more simple, more healthful, more adapted to a delicate, or a dyspeptic stomach, and more soothing to disturbed nerves in such a crisis as the present, than the sea moss blancmange which I have so strongly advocated from time to time. It can be procured of Miss Mary Seamon, 451 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y, and is put up in 50c. and $1 00 packages. The recipe for the blancmange is as follows:

Wash carefully a scant half cup of the sea moss in warm water, and put into a quart of milk, add a little salt and place on back of stove to simmer—not boil. When a little thick, strain through a fine sieve, pour into mould which has been wet in cold water, and eat when cold with cream and sugar or milk. Miss Seamon has asked me to say that she cannot send samples of the sea moss as scores of people have wished her to do.

Sample copies of my paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, will be sent free to any who would like to see it. *Table Talk*, the best journal in the world for housekeepers, and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, will be furnished subscribers for the price of *Table Talk* alone, $1 00 per year.

A character and prophetic reading will be given every present subscriber to the *Idea* who sends a new name, and also the new subscriber thus furnished.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

WHAT WE WANT?

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil
for another's gain.
The common clods and the rabble, stunted
of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the
harvest we have reaped?
What do we want, the neuters, of the
honey we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away
from our golden hoard,
We want to share in the harvest, we want
to sit at the board,
We want what sword or suffrage has never
yet won for man,
The fruits of his toil God promised when
the curse of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and scepter, the
cross and the sacred word,
In all the years and the kingdom is not
yet here of the Lord,
We are tired of useless waiting, we are
tired of fruitless prayers.
Soldier and churchman and lawyer—the
failure, is it not theirs?

What gain is it to the people that a God
laid down his life?
If, twenty centuries after, his world be a
world of strife?
If the serried ranks be facing each other
with ruthless eyes,
And steel in their hands, what profits a
Savior's sacrifice?

Ye have tried and failed to rule us, in
vain to direct have tried—
Not wholly the faults of the ruler, not utterly
blind the guide.
Mayhap there needs not a ruler—mayhap
we can find the way,
At least ye have ruled to ruin, at least ye
have led astray.

What matter if king or council or president
holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the
bondman's chain?
What careth the burden bearer that Liberty
packed his load,
If hunger presses behind him with a sharp
and ready goard?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper,
there's a king with a parchment
crown,
There are robber knights and brigands in
factory, field and town,
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord
of wage and rent,
And the baron's toll is Shylock's with a
flesh and blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all
night in a narrow room,
The child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes,
all day at the loom,
The soul must starve, for the body can
barely on husks be fed,
And the loaded dice of the gambler settle
the price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson
and robbed him of learning's light,
But his sluggish brain is moving, his
sinews have all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your
privilege, pride and taste!
The Giant is blind but thinking, and his
locks are growing fast.

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures where other preparations fail. It possesses medicinal merit Peculiar to Itself.

Constipation and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

Lincoln as a Wrestler.

At the time the Lincolns settled at Goose Nest Dan Needham was the champion wrestler in Cumberland county. This county joins Coles, the one in which the Lincolns lived. Needham had often been told that he would find his match in Tom Lincoln's boy Abe, but he would boast that he could "fling him three best out of four any day he lived." At last they met. It was at a house-raising on the Ambraw River. "Raisin's" at that time brought "neighbors" from many miles around, and I am told at this one they came from as far south as Crawford county, more than forty miles away. Thomas Lincoln came, and with him his boy Abe. After the work of the day, in which Abe and Dan matched handspikes many times, a "rassle" was suggested. At first Abe was unwilling to measure arms with Dan, who was six feet four and as agile as a panther; but when Thomas Lincoln said, "Abe, rassle 'im," Abe flung off his coat, and the two stood face to face. Four times they wrestled, and each time Needham was thrown.

At the close of the fourth round the combatants again stood face to face, Abe flushed but smiling, Dan trembling with anger. However, one glance at the honest, good-natured face of his opponent cooled his rage, and, extending his rough palm, he said, "Well, I'll be——!" Ever after this they were warm friends. Needham survived Lincoln many years, and though he was a strong Democrat, he had nothing but good words for Abe. Several of his boys still live near the old homestead in Spring Point township, Cumberland county, Illinois. One daughter, the wife of W. P. Davis—a brother of the writer—resides on a farm near Roseland, Nebraska. Uncle Dan, as we called him, now sleeps in a quiet churchyard hidden away in a deep forest. A braver heart never beat; and though his life was humble, I am sure that he did not lack for a welcome into the Eternal City.—*The Century for September.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. MAGGIE AMBROSE.

Mrs. Maggie Ambrose (nee Connell) died rather unexpectedly at her residence, No. 523 Washburne avenue, after a few days' illness, at the age of 27 years. Everything that medical skill could accomplish was tried, but to no avail, and she succumbed on the evening of Sept. 7 Mrs. Ambrose was of a gentle and amiable disposition; her winning manner and generosity making her a general favorite among her friends and acquaintances. The funeral occurred on last Saturday morning from her late residence to St. Charles' church. The casket was nearly hidden by a profusion of floral tributes laid upon it by her many friends. The church was well filled with relatives and sympathizers, while solemn high mass of requiem was chanted by the Rev Father Jennings, who, at the conclusion of the mass and prayers for the dead, delivered an eloquent funeral discourse, in which he did full justice to the virtues and Christian life of the lamented lady. Miss Teresa Dunlap then sang "Ever Angels Take My Soul." The casket was again borne to the hearse, the long procession of carriages reformed, and slowly the cortege escorted the honored remains to Calvary cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Messrs Will J. Patterson, Thomas Fay, John Gavin, Thomas Matthews, J. Campbell and J. Hughes.

MRS. THOMAS GARRITY

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas Garrity took place from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John McCullogh, No 3142 Shields avenue, on last Wednesday, and was well attended by a large portion of the residents of South Chicago. Mrs. Garrity, who was born in Glencastle, County Mayo, Ireland, was 63 years of age, and was an old inhabitant of South Chicago, having lived there for upwards of forty years, and was well known to the residents of that division of the city

MR PATRICK KEANE.

Mr. Patrick Keane of No. 620 W. Fourteenth street, died suddenly on Wednesday evening, Sept. 7, of heart disease. Mr. Keane was born in Clonmel, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1829, and was consequently 63 years of age at the time of his death. He was an honorable and upright citizen, a loving and affectionate husband and a devout church member. He was one of the earliest organizers of the Catholic Order of Foresters of this city, and belonged to Holy Trinity Court No. 1 at its incipiency, then to St. Joseph's and last to St. Ignatius Court No. 18 Mr. Keane leaves a bereaved wife and one son, Thomas J. Keane, to mourn his loss. The funeral occurred last Sunday from his late residence to the Jesuit church, where Rev. Father Winemann delivered an eloquent and appropriate discourse on the sudden death of the venerable gentleman. The rich casket was covered with many elegant floral tributes from the Foresters and friends. The funeral was by carriages to Calvary. The pallbearers were—Messrs. James Traynor, John Roy, Thomas Tobin, T. F. O'Day, Michael Keany and Peter O'Sullivan.

PERSONAL.

Francis B. O'Gallagher, of the United States Customs service is going on a vacation to St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta, Chattanooga and Nashville, returning by the way of the Mammoth Cave, Louisville, Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

Mr. Victor Hugo Trosudle and Miss Mary Isabel McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald of this city, were united in marriage on Thursday evening, Sept. 1, at the residence of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Trosudle will be at home to their friends on Mondays after Oct. 1, at No. 1161 N. Clark street.

The Gaelic Class.

A description of the Battle of Clontarf and of the preparations made by Brian to route the Danes, now appearing weekly in the *North American*, will be read and translated after school hours by the president, Mr. Wm. Rawleigh, every Sunday until completed. This should insure a full attendance of the class, as well as others who may desire to obtain correct historical information regarding the last battle which drove the invaders forever from the country.

The class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 3 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

Sufferers from dyspepsia have only themselves to blame if they fail to test the wonderful curative qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this medicine strengthens every organ of the body, and even the most abused stomach is soon restored to healthy action.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
Com.

MRS CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$225 50
Patrick Ryan, 6510 Cottage Grove avenue.	2 00
Thomas Mellon, 6513 Maryland avenue	2 00
James E. O'Brien, 376 Morgan street	2 00
J. E. Glynn, 6613 Drexel avenue	1 00
Bryan Kane, 6503 Maryland avenue	1 00
J. S. Dacey	1 00
James Small, 4430 Wentworth avenue	1 00
John Haher, 4430 Wentworth avenue	1 00
Jeremiah Ryan, 4420 Wentworth avenue	1 00
Con. Ryan, 471 W. Harrison street	1 00
James A. Garvey, 6517 Longley avenue	1 00
John Howragan, 471 W. Harrison street	1 00
J. McIntyre, 65th street and Maryland av.	1 00
John Hays, 6815 Peoria street	1 00
Martin Gurley, 4432 Atlantic street	1 00
Lawrence Flemmisg, 4433 Atlantic street	1 00
M. McWade	1 00
W. E. Rabbitt	1 00
Andrew Y. Conway	1 00
sympathizer	1 00
Mrs. O Brien, 581 Twenty-seventh street	1 00
Patrick Flemming, 3652 Union avenue	1 00
Denis Hogan, 502 Wells street	1 00
Patrick F. Foley 3442 Marshfield avenue	1 00
Rev. M Walsh, Kentsburg, Ill	1 00
Wm. Leudner	50
Harry Ryan, 4430 Wentworth avenue	50
Thomas Conway, 6607 Drexel avenue	50
Henry Watte 6607 Drexel avenue	50
Patrick Healy, Adams and Jefferson	50
William Pickett	50
Frank M'Intaigus, 6503 Maryland avenue	50
Thomas Flinn	50
C., 1313 Hyde Park	50
James Burns, 2707 Farrell street	50

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C, R. I. & P. R R, and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R, St. Paul Minn.

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Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.
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Teas, Wines and Liquors.
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Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
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Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
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Tailors and Drapers.

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The Artistic and Reliable
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No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

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Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JOHN BEEGAN,

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All kinds of Uniforms, Athletic Goods, Racing and Sporting Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics, and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges and Medals, Banners, Flags, and Firemen's Supplies.

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J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"I LOVE THE WOODS."

Oh, give me but that crag of rock
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.

I do not need the silken garb,
The cushioned couch, or seasoned food;
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that "Life is good."

I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
That in the halls of Crœsus throng—
I love the woods.

When o'er the distant line of hills
The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have watched,
Now quench their light and go to bed,

I rise from couch of perfumed pine
And seek the purling brook that flows
Between its fringe of velvet moss,
Where tiny turquoise blossom blows.

I need no marble fountain rare
To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer,
'Tis in His mighty dome of green—
I love the woods.

My silent friend, my faithful dog,
The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
They constitute my all in all.

I breathe the forest's filtered air,
The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
The snowclad summit's atmosphere,
And praise the Lord I'm living now—
I love the woods.

—Richard Mansfield in Harper's Weekly.

THE AUDITOR'S WIFE.

It was September, and Sile Burton was "in the hands of his friends" for the fourth time, after the ancient and honorable custom of candidates for political preferment. Odd, is it not, that men who are otherwise very bright will delude themselves with the idea that they are deluding other people with that venerable lie? I never knew a man to rise to any remarkable altitude in the world political who left his candidacy to "his friends." Once in awhile a man of that sort comes to the surface and is pushed into the city council, or on to the board of education, by "friends" who are too lazy to want those thankless, bootless jobs themselves.

This trustful individual always shines in the position thus thrust upon him. Having nothing to fear he inaugurates roforms, says what his innocent, guileless mind prompts him to say, and does divers other impractical and impolitic things, thereby making himself a record, but making it uncomfortable for "the boys," who tremble all the time for fear he will succeed by the help of the only too willing opposition in doing some supremely idiotic thing that will cost the party a lot of votes at the next election. So his first term is generally his last, and "the boys" gently, but firmly, consign him to the oblivion of his own private affairs and a clear conscience, which latter is considered by most people to be a very comfortable thing to possess.

As I said, however, Sile Burton, auditor of Apache county, was in the hands of his friends. That was literally true, however, on this particular occasion, for Sile was a very sick man. It was his own fault; that is, he had no business to go, as he did, with Sheriff Tom Owens to suppress that riot over in the Bloomer district last month. It was not in the line of his duties. But then the call had been a hasty and imperative one, and Tom was short on deputies as well as being pressed for time, and Sile could hardly have refused to go even if he had wanted to, which he did not.

He enjoyed a little row as well as the sheriff himself did, and besides he was one of the most obliging men in the world. So he went, and not only got hit with a club or something, but received a 44 bullet in his interior department, while Tom and the rest of the posse escaped without a scratch. Sile was better now and could think with considerable facility, which was unfortunate perhaps, because his thoughts were mostly of his expiring term of office and his helpless condition.

It was pretty tough, everybody agreed, because it was going to be a "close" year, and Sile was a great worker. His friends, too, unfortunately were kept pretty busy looking out for their own scalps, and could not give his affairs the attention they needed.

There was the last payment still due on the house; there was "paper" in the bank to be taken up; Sile Burton was in a bad financial way, because, in addition to being what is known as a "good fellow," he had made some unfortunate investments lately, and now, to complete his misery and overflow the cup, Brad Boutwell, of Chloride district, had come out, in his sneaking but effective way, for Jere Hobart for county auditor, and was working night and day for his man, who had been Sile's strongest opponent in the last convention. Oh, it was tough, and here was Sile, lying helpless, with the nominating convention only two weeks away!

All this and much more Sile poured into the ears of his pretty little wife, as she hovered over him attending to his many wants in the way that nobody but a woman, and a womanly woman, ever will learn. She did not say so, but she had had a talk with Tom Owens that day, and he had agreed with her that the outlook was pretty blue; for Brad Boutwell, boss of the Mountain Girl and two lesser mines, employer of 300 men and an entirely unscrupulous politician, was about the worst man in the county to have on the other side, and he had assured Owens that he certainly intended to defeat Burton's renomination, and "that's all there is to it. It goes, too, what Brad Boutwell says, and you know it, Tom Owens."

Yes, Tom did know it, and he knew that without Boutwell his own name was "Dennis," for he had not the strength in the precincts near town that Burton had. So his hands were tied, and he could do nothing for Sile in the Chloride district.

Mrs. Burton said nothing to Sile of Tom's visit to the boss of Chloride. She closed his complaining lips with a kiss now and then and chirped away as cheerfully as though mortgages and unpaid notes and big surgeon's bills and conventions had never a part in her life. And all this time she kept up a "blame sight o' thinkin," as Tom Owens used to say to his wife, who was also an ardent admirer of the little "tenderfoot" bride Sile Burton had brought from the States a few months before.

Sile Burton was sleeping soundly next morning when his wife, the usual smile gone from her face, stole up to his bedside, kissed him softly two or three times and ran over to the Owens'. It was not until 10 o'clock that he awoke and noticed that the woman by the window was not Mary, but Mrs. Owens. And he did not know that this kindly, big hearted woman fled when she told him that Mary had "just gone down to the Springs to get a prescription filled that they couldn't put up here, and would be back on the 2:30 train."

Tom Owens, with the buckboard and fidgeting Bay Nell, was waiting, just off the trail, a short distance from Chloride camp. A pretty little woman, stared at respectfully by the numerous men loafing about—for women were scarce in Chloride, especially pretty and respectable ones—tripped down the street, trying to look unconscious, and entered the door of Brad Boutwell's office. It was the noon hour, and he was alone engaged in the pleasurable occupation of disposing of an excellent lunch and a bottle of beer. He heard the hesitating step in the outer office, and stepped to the door of his sanctum, where he stood, somewhat taken aback at the sight of his visitor. It was several seconds after her sweet voice had asked, "Is this Mr. Boutwell?" that he recovered his equanimity and gracefully acknowledged the fact.

"I am Mrs. Burton—Mrs. Silas Burton. I came to see you—to—to"——

But here her courage gave out for the moment, and she did the very best thing she could have done—just wept a few relieving tears, while the sympathetic Boutwell, who had been a bachelor "ever since he could remember," as he himself said, "My dear madam-ed" her, stammered, grew red in the face, vaguely felt himself a triumphant ass, and finally led her gently to a chair, where she finished her weep.

Then she pulled herself together and told him the whole pitiful tale. It was indeed—thought Boutwell, who had always had more money than he had known what to do with—a harrowing state of affairs, and so his bachelor heart, overflowing with sympathy for the poor, frightened little emissary who sat before him, and being, it must be said, rather unsettled by this extraordinary visit, he agreed almost before he knew it to let the affair alone and switch the ambitious Hobart off the track. Then, with her heartiest handshake, a world of thankfulness shining in her big brown eyes and fervent words of gratitute on her sweet lips, the little missionary was gone, and Boutwell, his brain in a whirl, sat down to think.

Well, by Jove! Now he had done it! Why, great sacrificed Cæsar! The thing was impossible, utterly! He rushed to the door. His late visitor was not in sight. He sat down to think more calmly this time.

In politics there are complications no man can overlook or ignore. There are multifarious considerations and obligations that must be attended to, and whose existence is due more often than not to circumstances whose discovery by the unsympathetic world would be a calamity to the individual or individuals most interested. This case was such a one. Hobart had a "cinch" on the boss of Chloride, and was master of the situation, and no one knew it so well as did Jere himself, who was never slow about gratifying opportunities.

Thus Boutwell communed with himself, and the result was much perspiration and an uncomfortable conscience.

"Well, no use shedding any tears," he said aloud, "but, by Jove! I wish I could keep my word with the little woman. What a little duck she is, and how Burton ought to congratulate himself! Hum—hum—hum! Poor thing! How rocky she'll feel when she finds I played such a dirty trick on her. Ye-es, and what'll I say to myself?"

Teddy O'Hara, whose family had been kept from starving during the strike a few months before by the charity of the "little duck" and her husband, and who had awakened from his noonday nap under the office window about ten minutes previously, chuckled softly to himself and sneaked away, remarking as he reached the street.

"Oh-ho! Thot's it, is ut! A-ha! Teddy, me bye. Oi t'ink yees had betther tek a thrip over t' Apache the day. Yees don't feel loike workin, do yees, now?" And he hid his dinner pail and started down the trail for the county seat, whistling gleefully.

* * * * * *

Of Mrs. Burton's second interview with the smooth Mr. Boutwell it is unnecessary to speak at length. It was uncomfortable for him, but he kept his wits about him and did not lower his flag, and Mrs. Burton went away with a white, drawn face—and with the set lips of a brave little woman who has made up her mind to something.

* * * * * *

The day for the convention dawned. The visitors from the outside precincts, including those from Chloride, were all on hand to see the fun. It was almost time to call the convention to order, but two or three delegations had not arrived. The Chloride delegation was one of these. The visitors from that camp reported that the delegation had only stopped to hold a brief powwow in Chairman Boutwell's office and would be along soon. Jere Hobart, as luck would have it, had got a glorious "jag" on the night before, and was in bed at his quarters at Chloride as the result of a fall into the cellar of the Nugget saloon. He might have pulled himself together and gone over to Apache, but everything was "fixed" and there was no need, he concluded. So he grunted and turned slowly over toward the cocktail on the table, with that action consigning his fate to Brad Boutwell and a supposedly "packed" convention.

The chairman of the county central committee called the convention to order and read the call. The convention effected a temporary organization and the usual committees were appointed, during whose deliberations a recess was taken.

Tom Owens came to Mrs. Burton, who, with a number of other women whose husbands or brothers were interested, directly or otherwise, in the proceedings, was sitting in the gallery. Owens spoke quickly and earnestly:

"The Chloride crowd isn't here yet. Hobart's too sick to come. If Boutwell could only be kept away it'd be O. K. for Sile. He's the only man that can put Hobart in nomination, and there's a whole mess of his fellows ready to backslide. If only they wouldn't come. I"——

But here he was sent for in great haste by an anxious constituent and hurried away. When ten minutes later he looked up at the gallery Mrs. Burton was missing.

The six men composing the Chloride delegation were in a hurry, and in Boutwell's three seated spring wagon behind his grays were making good time for Apache.

There is a deep ravine, nearly always dry, on the trail between Apache and Chloride that has to be crossed carefully. It is an abrupt descent and a yet more abrupt ascent, and the trail on the Apache side of the gully is flanked by big rocks, which sheltered many a highwayman in the old days. The delegation from Chloride had just reached this spot and Boutwell was urging the horses up the steep incline, when short and sharp and firm in a woman's voice came the command:

"Halt!"

The six men in the wagon could hardly believe their senses. Sitting beside the big rock on the left, very pale, but with compressed lips and eyes that flashed fire and determination, sat a small woman with a big Winchester, and the weapon was cocked and aimed at Brad Boutwell.

The six men in the wagon raved and stormed; they pleaded, begged and threatened, but the little woman on the rock spoke only once, and then said:

"Bradford Boutwell, you gave me your sacred word that you would not oppose my husband's renomination. If he is defeated today it will probably kill him, and that is what you intended—to defeat him, after your promise to me. Now, sir, if you so much as attempt to move from here, you or any of the others, I will kill you!"

That was all; but Brad Boutwell, looking at the set face, knew that she would keep her word, and his seatmate's suggestion that such was the case was met by an emphatic "You bet she would!"

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The committees reported; the temporary organization was made permanent, and the Apache county convention was in full swing.

"Nominations for county auditor are now in order," announced the chairman, and a moment later, "Mr. Randall has the floor."

Hollis Randall, the brilliant young district attorney, rose and made one of the best speeches of his life, setting forth clearly, convincingly the merits, the claims, the worth of the present incumbent, and when he told of the unfortunate man lying so ill as the result of a wound incurred in the discharge of unrewarded duties not his own—fighting in defense of the law—there was a rousing, prolonged cheer.

Randall finished amid uproarious applause and sat down, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. There was a moment's "vociferous silence," during which there were some rapid changes of sentiment on the part of Hobart delegates. Then "Pop" Gordon rose.

"Mr. Chairman, I move that the nomination of Mr. Burton be made by acclamation, thar seemin t' be no more nominations."

"Second the motion! Second the motion!" came from a dozen throats.

"Mr. Chairman!" screamed a Hobart "faithful." "I call the gentleman to"——

Here Bill Dover, chairman of the dissenter's delegation, grabbed him by the coat tails and pulled him down. Bill was a astute politician, and he knew the day was lost. But the enthusiast would not "down." When the yeas and nays were called for, he and a half score of others came out strongly in the negative, and when further nominations were declared in order, he rose and nominated Jere Hobart.

The ballot stood sixty-three to thirty-seven in Burton's favor, and Tom Owens, forgetting that in a few minutes the nominations for sheriff would be made, dashed over to Sile's house with the news, and was surprised to learn that anxious little Mrs. Burton was not there.

But the Chloride visitors who left to convey the news of Hobart's defeat home were more surprised than Owens when they suddenly found on the way home where the missing delegation was, and why it was missing, and it almost took their breath and the delegation's away to see that fire eating amazon on the rock collapse into very weak tears when she heard the glad news.

Hobart and his friends were mad, of course, but one cannot make war on a woman, you know, and besides most of them came to look on the matter after awhile as a huge joke.

Boutwell? I am inclined think after it was over that he was rather glad than otherwise.—R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Plain.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price ticket off any of his presents."—Exchange.

Though Lost to Sight.

"The memory has a great deal to do with our bodily ills," said the veteran. "Why, my corns on the foot I lost at Gettysburg still hurt like the dickens when I stub my wooden leg."—Harper's Bazar.

HUNTING BUFFALO.

ONE OF THE LAST HUNTS OF THE ALMOST EXTINCT ANIMAL.

Creeping Up with Caution on a Sleeping Herd—Horses Seemed to Take as Much Interest in the Sport as Did the Men Chasing Flying Bulls.

When we reached a point just below the crest of the hill, I stopped and waited while my companion rode on. Just before he got to the top he, too, halted, then took off his hat and peered over the ridge, examining so much of the prairie beyond as was now visible to him. His inspection was careful and thorough, and when he had made sure that nothing was in sight his horse took a step or two forward and then stopped again, and the rider scanned every foot of country before him. The horse, trained as the real hunter's horse is always trained, understood what was required of him, and with pricked ears examined the prairie beyond with as much interest as did his rider. When the calf of Charley's right leg pressed the horse's side, two or three steps more were taken, and then a lifting of the bridle hand caused another halt.

At length I saw my companion slowly bend forward over his horse's neck, turn and ride back to me. He had seen the backs of two buffalo lying on the edge of a little flat hardly a quarter of a mile from where we stood. The others of the band must be still nearer to us. By riding along the lowest part of the sag which separated the two buttes, and then down a little ravine, it seemed probable that we could come within a few yards of the buffalo unobserved. Our preparations did not take long. The saddle cinches were loosened, blankets arranged, saddles put in their proper places and tightly cinched again. Cartridges were brought round to the front and right of the belt, where they would be convenient for reloading. Our coats tied behind the saddle were looked to, the strings which held them being tightened and securely retied.

All this was not lost on our horses, which understood as well as we did what was coming. We skirted the butte, rode through the low sag and down into the little ravine, which soon grew deeper, so that our heads were below the range of vision of almost anything on the butte. Passing the mouth of the little side ravine, however, there came into full view a huge bull lying well up on the hillside. Luckily his back was toward us, and each bending low over his horse's neck we rode on and in a moment were hidden by the side of the ravine. Two or three minutes more and we came to another side ravine, which was wide and commanded a view of the flat. We stopped before reaching this, and a peep showed that we were within a few yards of two old cows, a young heifer and a yearling, all of them to the north of us. Beyond we could see the backs of others, all lying down.

We jumped on our horses again, and setting the spurs well in galloped up the ravine and up on the flat, and as we came into view the nearest buffalo, as if propelled by a huge spring, were on their feet, and with a second's pause to look dashed away to the north. Scattered over the flat were fifty or seventy-five buffalo, all of which, by the time we had glanced over over the field, were off, with heads hanging low to the ground and short, spiky tails stretched out behind. We were up even with the last of the cows, and our horses were running easily and seemed to have plenty of reserve power. Charley, who was a little ahead of me, called back: "They will cross the trail about a mile north of here. Kill a couple when we get to it." I nodded, and we went on.

The herd raced forward over the rolling hills, and in what seemed a very short time we rushed down a long slope on to a wide flat, in which was a prairie dog town of considerable extent. We were on the very heels of the herd and in a cloud of dust kicked up by their rapid flight. To see the ground ahead was impossible. We could only trust to our horses and our good luck to save us from falling. Our animals were doing better than we had supposed they could, and were going well and under a pull. I felt that a touch of the spurs and a little riding would bring us up even with the leaders of the buffalo. The pace had already proved too much for several bulls, which had turned off to one side and been passed by.

As we flew across the flat I saw far off a dark line and two white objects, which I knew must be our command. I called to my comrade, and questioning by the sign pointed at the buffalo. He nodded, and in a moment we had given free rein to our horses and were up among the herd. During the ride I had two or three times selected my game, but the individuals of the band changed positions so constantly that I could not keep track of them. Now, however, I picked out a fat 2-year-old bull, but as I drew up to him he ran faster than before, and rapidly made his way toward the head of the band. I was resolved that he should not escape, and so, though I was still fifteen or twenty yards in the rear, fired.

At the shot he fell heels over head directly across a cow which was running by his side and a little behind him. I saw her turn a somersault and almost at the same instant heard Charley shoot twice in quick succession and saw two buffalo fall.—George Bird Grinnell in Scribner's.

A Trick of the Trade.

"Yes," said the merchant, "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as 'sold' during the holiday season. Then when women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed that I finally promise to try and get them another, which of course I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."—London Tit-Bits.

Appreciated Afterward.

Some years ago an Englishman was ascending a small and easy peak of the Alps in company with a famous Oberland guide. Part of their course lay over a snow field sinking gradually on one side, and ended sharply by a precipice on the other.

The two men were walking along not far from the edge of this precipice when the Englishman, thinking that an easier path might be made by going nearer the edge, diverged a little from his companion's track. To his surprise the guide immediately caught hold of him and pulled him back with more vigor than ceremony, nearly throwing him down in the operation.

Wrathful and half inclined to return the compliment, the Englishman remonstrated. The guide's only answer was to point to a small crack, apparently like scores of other cracks in the icy snow, which ran for some distance parallel to the edge of the precipice and about fifteen feet from it.

The traveler was not satisfied, but was too wise to spend time in dispute while a desired summit was still some distance above him. They went on their way, gained the top, and the traveler's equanimity was restored by a splendid view.

When on the descent the scene of the morning's unpleasantness was reached, the guide pointed to the little crack in the snow, which had grown perceptibly wider.

"This," he said, "marks the place where the true snow field ends. I feel certain that the ice from here to the edge is nothing but an unsupported cornice hanging over the tremendous precipice beneath. It might possibly have borne your weight in the early morning, though I don't think it would. As to what it will bear now that a powerful sun has been on it for some time—why, let us see!"

With that he struck the snow on the farther side of the crack with his ax. A huge mass, twenty or thirty feet long, at once broke away and went roaring down the cliff.

The Englishman shivered to think how near he had come, even on an easy mountain and in smiling weather, to going down the precipice in just such an avalanche.—Youth's Companion.

Royal Extravagance.

Potentates are apt to be very extravagant persons, and seem to have as hard a time living within their allowances as any small boy on five cents a week. Of course they have tremendous expenses to meet in the way of entertaining other potentates, and no king ever lived who failed to have a royal family big enough to fill all the palaces at his disposal and two more, but often they could look after their own and still have plenty left for pleasure if they did not waste. The worst two instances of royal extravagance in modern times are the king of Siam's submerged palace and the pipe of the shah of Persia.

The cost of the Siamese king's palace is not known, but it is a splendidly costly affair and is so arranged that his royal highness and his suite can spend a great deal of their time under water surrounded by the most luxurious things the world affords. It would seem as though a king with so much splendor at his command on the surface of the earth could get along without a palace under water, but as a popular song says, "Things are seldom what they seem," and it is the greatest danger of great luxury that we tire of the blessings we have and become, even in the midst of them, most unhappy because we can have no more.

The shah of Persia's tobacco pipe is worth $400,000, and the chances are that he does not get half the pleasure from smoking it that the poor laboring man gets from puffing his one cent clay pipe. When one reflects upon the amount of good that could be done with $400,000 put out at fair interest, one is forced to consider it wicked to keep so much money locked up in so unworthy an object.—Harper's Young People.

Messages by Objects.

Some years ago a white man was captured in the course of a raid made by the amazon warriors of Dahomey upon a missionary settlement. A few weeks later his anxious wife received a message, which consisted simply of a pebble, a piece of charcoal, a peppercorn, a grain of parched corn and a rag.

There was no difficulty in translating this seeming enigma of the native code. The pebble said, "I am in good health"—i. e., hard in body; the piece of charcoal signified, "But my prospects are very black and gloomy;" the peppercorn meant, "I am very anxious about the future, lest I be killed or sold into slavery;" the grain of parched corn indicated, "I have become very thin," and the scrap of rag added, "My clothing is in tatters."

Sugar means peace and love; powder and shot convey notice of war; a razor is sent to a murderer by the victim's relatives to notify him that it is expected he will kill himself for their satisfaction. Six cowrie shells signify "I love you." Such a string sent by a young man to a girl expresses a desire to form an engagement of marriage—indeed it is the recognized way of making a declaration of the tender passion in that part of the world.—Yankee Blade.

A Premium of Youth.

"Mamma, when you grow old will you look like little grandma?" asked a little boy of three or four years of his pretty young mother.

"Yes, dear," answered his mother, "if you mean to ask if my face will be wrinkled and thin, and shall have lost some of its fairness. Yes, I shall grow to look as little grandma does. Why do you want to know, Henry?"

"Well, mamma, I'll try hard, but I am afraid I can't love you then as well as I do now."

There is something in this trifling incident that in spite of all reasoning will sadden, for the child told frankly that which those who have grown even to middle age must count as true—there is always a premium on youth.—Detroit Free Press.

ODD ARTICLES OF DIET.

Various Edible Things That Might Be Added to Man's Bill of Fare.

We should be sorry to be told all about the training of the turtle, which fattens mysteriously; still less should we inquire into the carnivorous habits of the conger eel, which is said to do duty for him. The rats that run loose about the sewers are decidedly to be avoided, but we have tasted the rats that have run riot in isolated wheat ricks, and we can conscientiously aver that they are both sweet and succulent.

Their flesh is white as that of a sweetbread and has unquestionably more flavor. We understand that field mice are still more delicate, and considering the simple and wholesome habits of their virtuous lives we can well believe it. The "Englishman in Paris" speaks of a salmi served soon after the beginning of the siege of the Commune, and the very memory of it seems to have made his mouth water. Yet the town mice scarcely gave the experiment a fair trial, for they had been snared on the bastions between the outer boulevards and the fortifications. There is no reason why squirrel should not be excellent, for the squirrel would hop into the saucepan ready flavored after having fattened on nuts and fragrant foliage.

Squirrels are small and shy and difficult to catch, so that we do not hear much of them even in gypsy cuisine. But the hedgehog figures frequently at those sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece de resistance. The primitive manner of cooking him supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate batteries de cuisine. The elephant's foot, or rather the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore. Shakespeare's British hedgepig, like its cousin, the porcupine, by the way, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smoldering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused.

We need not say that the frog is more palatable, although we do not think that in England we have the small green kind of the southern French swamps and the sedgy lakelets of Calabria. After all, these foreigners are only to our domestic friends as the oysters of Ostend or Marenness to the coarser of the British qualities. Toads are not to be tackled with impunity; the toad, like the skunk, is overcharged with venom, and he keeps the troops of his natural enemies at bay by the instinctive knowledge that he is an animated poison catapult. Nor is the snake often eaten in England. Yet we dare to say that snake meat might be preferable to starvation, or possibly to the stone breaking yard of a workhouse. We know at least that the iguana or great tree lizard of the tropics—and he claims very close kindred with the deadly serpents—is habitually served at the most sumptuous tables.

As Tom Cringle says, when breakfasting off iguana among the Cuban pirates, he should never have distinguished the creature from chicken had it not been that the bones are a trifle big. Messrs. Edwards and Bates and Wallace inform us that the canoe men on the upper tributaries of the Amazon can always make themselves happy with alligator, although they only have recourse to it as a last resort. Their chief objection is that the meat tastes musky. Even hardened alligator eaters, however, have qualms with regard to the cayman caught near their villages, for there is generally more than one notorious man eater, although identification is difficult, who has his haunt among the tree roots near some favorite bathing place, and on principles of reciprocity has a weakness for human beings.—London Saturday Review.

Why a Cold Affects the Hearing.

The drum or tympanum of the ear is a small air chamber, with hard, bony surroundings, ventilated by an air passage about 1½ inches long, called the eustachian tube, which passes forward and inward from the anterior part of the throat behind the nostrils. The atmospheric pressure required on the inner side of the drum to counterbalance that of the outer side is provided for by the communication of the eustachian tube with the throat in the acts of breathing and swallowing. Lining the hollow of the drum and forming the innermost layer of the drumhead is a delicate mucus membrane, which also lines the interior of the eustachian tube. If we have a cold in the head the vessels supplying the mucus membrane from the nose to the mouth expand, the blood within them flows slowly or stagnates and that in the mucus membrane becomes congested.

As a result there is more or less swelling, with augmentation of the natural secretions. The congestion is apt to be continued into the mucous membrane of the eustachian tube, which is thus obstructed. This causes the air in the drum to be rarefied, the drumhead and the little chain of bones connected with it are forced inward, and by causing excess of pressure of the internal ear produce deafness.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hobbies of the English Boy.

The average British boy contracts at least three hobbies before he reaches the mature age of fifteen—when he is perhaps more intent upon growing a mustache than anything else—the collection of old postage stamps, the keeping of pet animals or a love for the toy drama of the penny, plain and twopenny colored variety. Like most hobbies, the first named mania is but short lived, and the luckless stamp album, once the object of a tremendous affection, is thrown into the dust hole, never again to see light. But what is merely a temporary hobby with the boy becomes with some a lifelong passion in manhood.—Million.

Ancestors of the Horse.

Some interesting facts about the geological ancestors of the horse have been made known by Professor Marsh. Various forms of horselike animals that lived in America in those remote times known to the geologists as the eocene, miocene and pliocene epochs, and which may have occurred millions of years ago, have been unearthed, and science has not shrunk from the task of reconstructing these animals from their fragmentary remains.

The curiously interesting statement is made by Professor Marsh that "the oldest ancestor of the horse—as yet undiscovered—undoubtedly had five toes on each foot and probably was not larger than a rabbit, perhaps much smaller." He even ventures to predict in which of the geological strata this animal will probably be found and suggests that it be named "Hippops."

In modern times a horse is occasionally seen which possesses extra toes, thus showing the existence of a slight tendency, under certain conditions, to revert to the peculiarities of its remote ancestors.

This tendency is one of the proofs which science has to offer that the noble and beautiful animal, whose services add so much to the powers and the enjoyments of man, has really been developed from those queer beasts of ancient times to which the geologists have given such names as eohippus, orohippus, protohippus, miohippus and pliohippus.—Youth's Companion.

Why Teeth Are Neglected.

Not one person in 500 cleans his teeth properly. Brushing crossways does not remove the particles of food which lodge between the teeth; the motion to be effectual should be up and down, and two strokes are better than a hundred the other way. A dentist of large practice gives the palm for well kept dentine to men. "Women use brushes more, but men use picks." If the habit of thorough mastication of the foods was formed no dentifrices would be needed. It is use that keeps the teeth clean. The front teeth are used more than any of the others; they are always the cleanest in the set. Hence the philosophy of eating on both sides of the mouth so as to keep all the molars in service.

Bad teeth are the result of a disordered stomach, the gases and acids of malnutrition and indigestion hastening decay. Dental surgeons and conscientious physicians always advocate special attention after a fit of illness or during it if the patient is equal to it. Soap is as good as any dentifrice better than a cheap powder. To have a proper regard for them will never allow a particle of food to touch them; chemicals and other compounds should be taken with a medicine spoon; mineral waters, as, phosphates and sour drinks, should be taken through a straw should be in small quantities.—New York

American Shoes.

No matter how haughty and exclusive an American may be, dignity cannot maintain itself with the shoes off. There is something about stockings that reminds us that man is mortal. For this reason women in the delay of shoe fitting will often fall into amicable conversation when otherwise it would not occur to them to address one another. Thus two women the other day conversed in a shoe shop. One woman had lived in Europe nine years, and averred that she had never found a shoe that compared with the foot covering of her own country. The other, who was surrounded with shoes of all sorts and sizes, said: "I have crossed the ocean twenty-two times, and I always take pains to supply myself with shoes before I go. I sail in fact next week, and I shall take with me eighteen pairs. I am buying them all now."

Others who have tried wearing the shoes of other countries will agree with these women. It is not a question of cheapness. Shoes in France are cheaper even than in this country. Shoes in England are cheaper, but they are uglier and less comfortable, owing to some lack of adaptation to the American foot. Wherein this peculiarity lies is not so easily stated, but for Americans there is no shoe at once so comfortable and so good looking as that built at home.—New York Evening Sun.

A Good Word for the Coyote.

The hanging look of the coyote as he slips away from the human sight is the cause of the animal's bad name. He is very shy at times, but on occasion sits unconcernedly by the roadside as one drives along. He is called a sneak, but he is only sly instead. He has more wit than any animal except the fox; he is as courageous in a fight with his own kind as any animal that breathes; he is patriotic, if one may use the term, in that he refuses to be domesticated—refuses to leave the life of freedom to which he is accustomed; he is the best family man, so to speak, in the world. The coyotes have been made outlaws through ignorance, as the state is now learning.

One need not be called a fanatic for saying that nothing has been made in vain—that if we knew all about the natures of the animals or the world we would pay bounties for preserving rather than for exterminating them. That is to say, we would labor to preserve the balance of life established by nature. There are some things quite as well worth prospecting for as California minerals, among the rest California fauna. Coyotes which have killed more than 2,000 jack rabbits per day have been wiped out to secure petty rewards. —Kansas City Times.

The Old Oaken Bucket's Well.

The well that prompted Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket" is still kept in good condition, and many visitors to Scituate, Mass., go and get a draft of its water, which seems pure and cool as ever. The old mill and pond are there, but not much is left of "the deep tangled wildwood."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Mother of Pearl.

The most beautiful mother of pearl, unless that of the obalone be excepted, is obtained from the nautilus, which is a cephelon and related to the cuttlefish. Occupying only the mouth of its dwelling, the latter is composed of a series of empty chambers, each of which the animal has successively lived in and vacated as it grew bigger, building up behind it at each move a wall of purest pearl.

These vacant rooms of pearl are all connected by a pneumatic tube, which enables the creature to so control the air supply to its house as to make the domicile lighter or heavier at will, in order to ascend or descend in the water. The shell is too thin to bear grinding, and so muriatic acid is used to remove the outer coat and disclose the exquisite nacre beneath.—English Mechanic.

In Doubt.

An old clergyman who formerly lived in Maine was remarkable for his eccentric ideas and sayings. Among other curious ways he was in the habit of asking a blessing on each particular thing on the table. At breakfast one morning there was some bear meat, and his petition was as follows: "Lord, bless the coffee, bless the bread and butter, but as to the bear meat, Lord, I don't know what to say."—Youth's Companion.

A Mine That Was Bought Cheap.

The famous Treadwell mine in Alaska, which has yielded more than $3,000,000 in gold bullion, was purchased by the man for whom it was named for $300.—Omaha Bee.

Queer Theory About Insanity.

"There is something in the atmospheric conditions that develops insanity and murderous impulses," said a student of human nature. "That is my theory. It is like the grip and other diseases that prevail at certain times and under certain conditions. There are all sorts of diseases and impulses in people, and it only needs the conditions to develop them. Insanity is a peculiar disease, and to a greater or less degree exists in a pretty large proportion of mankind.

"In most cases it is shown in a harmless idiosyncracy and excites no more comment than mild ridicule, but in many cases it has a homicidal tendency that is suddenly and unexpectedly developed. Can this be through natural and general causes or is it imitation that produces these mind waves? I believe it is the former—that general causes similar to the conditions that produce the grip wave, the cholera wave, the horse distemper wave or any other disease of a season also tend to unbalance the badly balanced mind."—New York Herald.

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 13th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 185 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstead; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 353 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 464h and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somomark, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somomark; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denflauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Scusse, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2015 Wentworth av; F N Montague, F S; M W Foin, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lorcomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lamb, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 69 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Setta, F S; Val Schmittenhmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thonnesen, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McBbea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawrence, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lant, R S, 323 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] chall, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Coulin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 225 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Johst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavoi Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Duquise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 281 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hierzbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

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St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

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Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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WAYS OF THE HEATHEN.

How Chinamen Change Their Costumes When Hired as Interpreters.

When a Chinaman acquires a thorough knowledge of the English language his services become almost indispensable to the government authorities as an interpreter, and he receives liberal compensation for his labor.

There are two or three Mongolians in this city who do a large business in this line, and are very frequently employed where their brother countrymen are charged with opium smuggling or even with trying to smuggle themselves across the Canadian border.

A short time ago I was present at a hearing before Commissioner Shields in the case of a young Chinaman who had been arrested while stealing across from Canada in the northwestern part of the state. The testimony in this city was being given by a Chinaman who claimed to be the father of the arrested man. In order to take this testimony it was necessary to employ an interpreter. The government officials not only had their English talking Chinaman present as the recognized interpreter, but another and equally as well English talking Chinamen sat near by, whose duty it was to keep the officials informed as to the fullness and correctness of the interpretations.

The Chinaman who officiated as the official interpreter was a rather good looking Mongolian, with well trimmed hair, a standing collar and well fitting American clothing. In one hand he held a new pair of tan colored kid gloves, while his derby hat hung on his right knee as it crossed the left leg. He was a natty fellow and evidently one who was making a success of life.

While this fellow was translating the "gle, glaw, mon swon, ding dong ding," as it sounded to my uninitiated ears in the rising and falling inflections of the witness, one of the government officers took a seat beside me and called my attention more particularly to the interpreter.

"Say," said the official, "yo' ought to see that fellow up in his Mott street store. Yo' wouldn't know him."

"Why?" I asked,

"Because he don't wear them clothes nor that hair when he's among his own people. That is only his 'interpreting get up.' He keeps a grocery store, but he talks English splendidly, and so we use him a great deal and have to pay him well. When he's attending to his grocery store he's a full fledged Chinee, and make no mistake, and swishes one of the dandiest cues in the settlement."

"But you don't mean to say that's a wig he is wearing?" I said as I looked at the slickly brushed hair that gave no indications of hiding a wound up cue.

"That's just what it is, and one of the finest ever worn, too. See how it fits his 'noddle!' Why, it's perfect. Just as soon as we employ him he throws aside his tunic and all other Chinese fixins and makes up as you see him. Oh! he's a 'Jim Dandy' now. He's a good interpreter, but the other fellow here is just as good, and he lets us know whether we're getting all that's said and true. There's nothin like protection."—New York Herald.

San Francisco in 1848.

In 1848, just before gold had been discovered in California, the city of San Francisco had a population of 850 all told and consisted of about 200 wooden buildings. In the spring of 1848 there began to be rumors of gold discoveries in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, and presently actual miners appeared in town showing small parcels of gold dust. Then came an era of wild speculation and extravagant prices. Common laborers were getting ten dollars a day and ordinary mechanics twenty dollars; men who had lived on five dollars a month now spent hundreds; men who had been idlers formerly were now among the most industrious, and men who had before never wasted a day became loungers and gamblers. The mad scramble for wealth manifested itself on all sides. In the first six months of 1849 15,000 souls were added to the population of San Francisco, and by the end of the year the Pacific coast metropolis had over 25,000.

And how did they all live? In frame houses of one story, more commonly in board shanties and canvas tents, pitched in the midst of sand or mud and various rubbish and strange filth and fleas, and they slept on rude cots, or on "soft planks" under horse blankets, on tables, counters, floors, on trucks in the open air, in bunks braced against the weather boarding, forty of them in one loft; and so they tossed and scratched and swore and laughed and sang and skylarked.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

Care in Clothing.

Animal heat, which is another term for vitality, is readily parted with in early life, so that every effort should be made to conserve it, particularly in feeble children. To this end the skin must always be kept warm by being completely covered with flannels. In order to be prepared for the changing conditions of our variable climate, it is well to have three sets of flannels, the very thick, medium weight and light weight, or gauze, adapted respectively for winter, spring and fall, and summer. It is almost as weakening to be enveloped in too thick flannel on a warm day, as I have frequently seen in dispensary service, as to suffer from chilling. No matter how hot the weather, however, it is not proper to have linen or muslin in contact with the child's skin to the exclusion of a very light flannel.

Weak children are very liable to suffer from cold hands and feet.—Dr. Henry D. Chapin in Babyhood.

The Love of Ornament.

Everybody loves to deck his person, from the savage who wears around his neck a string of bones to the society queen who glitters with a thousand gems. It is not an ignoble passion, this love of ornament, although there is a strong argument for the possession of reasoning power by animals in this very passion.—Jewelers' Review.

Ruskin's Toys.

The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well nigh Puritanic in severity; his toys were few and his source of amusement limited. He says:

For toys, I had a bunch of keys to play with so long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was six years old, two boxes of well cut wooden bricks.

With these modest, but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion, and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of the water cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge, or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street.

But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses or wall papers to be examined, were my chief resources.

Dogs and Cats in King Howel's Times.

The worth of dogs is variously estimated; in the Tenth century the king's buckhound being valued at fifteen pence when born and one pound when fully trained, while "a herd dog is worth the best ox, and whosoever may possess a cur, though it be the king, its value is fourpence."

Cats, however, are priced without distinction, there being probably but one breed. Nor is any extra value set upon those favored cats, which, by reason of their royal ownership, enjoyed the daily privilege, accorded them proverbially, of looking at a king. No matter to what family or place it may belong, "the worth of a kitten from the night it is kittened until it shall open its eyes, is a legal penny, and from that time until it shall kill mice, two legal pence," fourpence being the full value of a cat, as of a sheep or of a goat.

The qualities expected of her are particularly catalogued and the list of them runs thus: "To see, to hear, to kill mice, to have her claws entire, to rear and not to devour her kittens, and if she be bought and be deficient in any one of those teithi, let one-third of her worth be returned."—All the Year Round.

Where Does the Money Come From?

Look into any one of our great restaurants, our fashionable resorts at night. See at a hundred tables groups of men and women spending each all the way from five to fifty dollars. This is not an occasional experience. You can find it every night in the week, and at lunch time the same places are crowded with women to whom a lunch costing five or six dollars is as nothing. Drive through the park on any fine morning or late in the afternoon. You may see men and women on horseback by the hundreds, every one "dressed for the part," well mounted, representing an immensity of capital. Look at the long processional ongoing of equipages. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented there every day in the week, and at all the favorite resorts along the road you will find men and women gayly flitting along, their butterfly wings tipped with gold, their diamonds sparkling in the air, their jollifications making the very atmosphere ring with the choral echoings of fun and hurrahdom. —Joseph Howard in New York Recorder.

Verdi's Infirmities.

A few days ago, while conversing with some friends, Verdi expressed the pleasure he had had in composing the eminently comic libretto of "Falstaff," written by Boito, and on its being insinuated that he would yet add to his renown by further works he exclaimed: "Renown! Glory! Glory is a fine thing for boys and hysterical women! Yet," he added, "I will not deny that I feel able to write another opera or two, because my imagination is not yet dead. But there is a great hindrance, a miserable hindrance—the physical fatigue of writing, of filling the interminable forest of leaves of music; all the millions of notes and signs which compose a score; that's what frightens me. If it were not for that"—— —London News.

Abolish "Sneaky" Music.

Slow music at the theaters during the performance of a play is a nuisance and ought to be abolished. At the most thrilling part of the scene in the drama, when the interest of the audience is wrought up to the highest pitch, the squeaking of a fiddle will sometimes ruin the entire effect produced by the combination of dramatic language and scenic effect. In the best European theaters such a travesty as the slow and weak scraping of a fiddle during an interesting scene is unknown, and it should not be encouraged here.—New York Journal.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of John Gahan, deceased. James Wallace, Administrator of the estate of John Gahan, deceased, vs. Winnifred Gahan, Michael Gahan, Thomas Gahan and John Gahan, and Peter Gahan, James Gahan, William Gahan, Mary Gahan and Margaret Gahan, minors

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause on the Eighth (8th) day of September, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Tuesday, the Eleventh (11th) day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of John Gahan, deceased, at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) in the Subdivision by the Provident Homestead Association of the North half (N. ½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of the Southwest quarter (S. W. ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois; said Lot Eighteen (18) is improved by a frame dwelling house; said Lot Nineteen (19) is vacant. All of said real estate will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights of widow of deceased. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to, and approved by, said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Sept. 10, 1892.

JAMES WALLACE,
Administrator of the Estate of John Gahan, deceased.
David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

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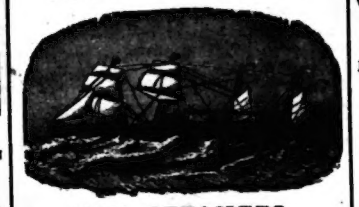
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